



MICKEY FINN



ROSCOE



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON

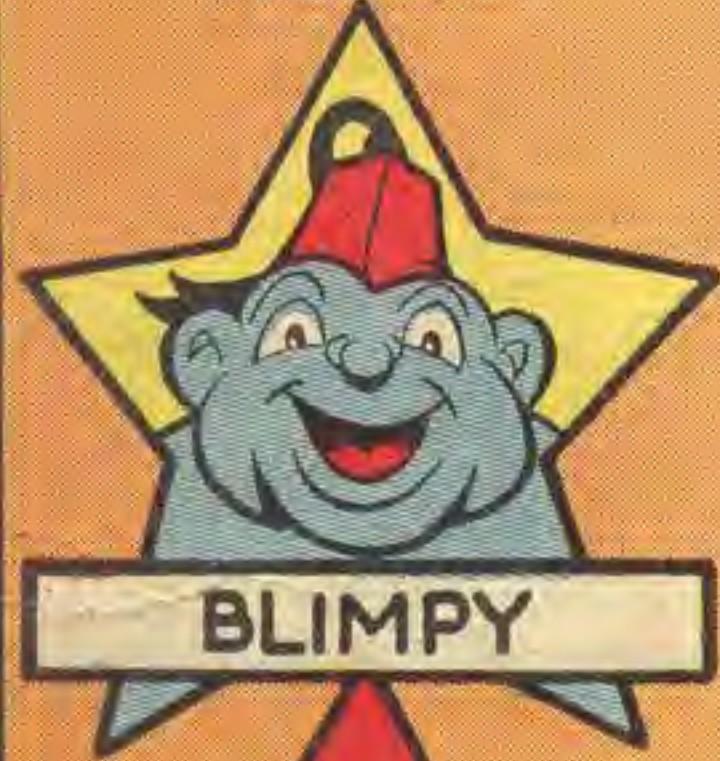
FEATURE

SM★8
QUALITY COMIC GROUP

AUGUST
No. 113

The
DOLL MAN
meets the
HIGHWAYMAN!

10¢



BLIMPY



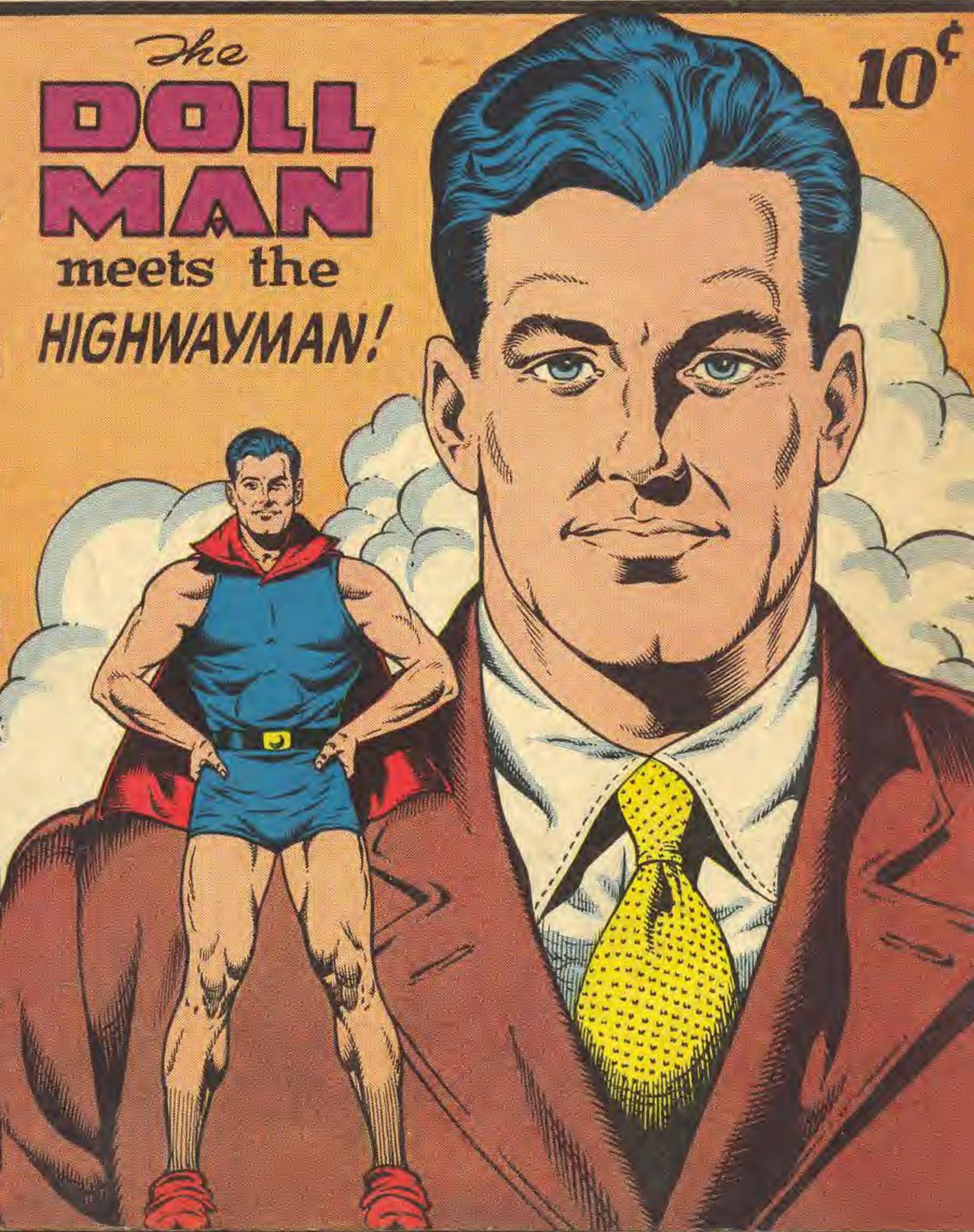
LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN COMICS

THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH

ACTION, LAUGHS ^{AND} THRILLS!



NATIONAL
COMICS

The

DOLL MAN



"The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees;
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas;
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding... riding... riding..."

Out of the pages of poetry, restored to life from the dusty pages of the past, **The Highwayman** returns! And so begins one of **The Doll Man's** strangest adventures!

FEATURE COMICS

So as it was, so shall it be in the time to come

John Drum remembered only one thing clearly since he was a boy...

ERIK DRUM WAS YOUR ANCESTOR, BOY! YOU SHOULD BE VERY PROUD OF HIM! HE WAS A GREAT MAN!

YES, AUNT EMILY!



THAT'S ERIK DRUM! HE LIVED SO MANY YEARS AGO! MY FAMILY HARDLY KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT HIM, EXCEPT THAT HE WAS VERY RICH!



One day, while John Drum was looking through the attic, he came upon a forgotten diary...

"THE DIARYE OF ERIK DRUM, AGED 33!" WHY, THIS IS HIS VERY OWN WRITING!



"IN MY CAREER AS A HIGHWAYMANNE, I ROBBED CLOSE TO ONE MILLION DOLLARES!" THIS ISN'T THE WAY I WAS TOLD THE STORY! ERIK DRUM WAS JUST A

THIEF!



Night after night, John Drum read the bizarre and colorful adventures of his infamous ancestor....

GOLLY, WHAT AN EXCITING LIFE HE LED! I WISH I COULD BE LIKE HIM!



YOU'RE THE LAD I'VE WAITED FOR! AYE---AND IT'S ONLY YOU KNOWS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT ERIK DRUM!

HA-HA!



FEATURE COMICS

YOU'LL TAKE UP WHERE I QUIT, JOHN!
AYE---THEY HANGED ME AFORE I
COULD FINISH TWO OF THE BIGGEST
JOBS OF MY WHOLE CAREER! BUT
YOU'RE SMART, LAD, AND WITH ME
TO GUIDE YOU, YOU CAN'T
FAIL!

So the years passed, with John Drum falling more and more under the sinister influence of his evil ancestor...

I'M READY NOW! I'LL FINISH
THE TASKS YOU'VE SET FOR
ME --- AS THE HIGHWAYMAN!

AYE---THAT
YOU WILL,
LAD!



'TWAS ROBBING
THE COACH TO
CONCORD THAT
WAS MY FIRST
MISTAKE! THE
BLASTED SHERIFF
CAUGHT ME AT
IT, AND I BARELY
ESCAPED WITH
MY LIFE!

THERE
ARE NO
COACHES
IN OUR
DAY! BUT
A TRAIN
WILL DO
AS WELL...
OR
BETTER!

THE HIGHWAYMAN
WILL RIDE AGAIN...
TONIGHT!



Later... Darrel Dane, his fiancée, Martha Roberts, and her father are aboard a train....

LOOK, DARREL!
A HORSEMAN!



WHAT A
COLORFUL
COSTUME!

A HIGHWAYMAN! THIS
MAY BE A GAG... AND
IT MAY NOT!

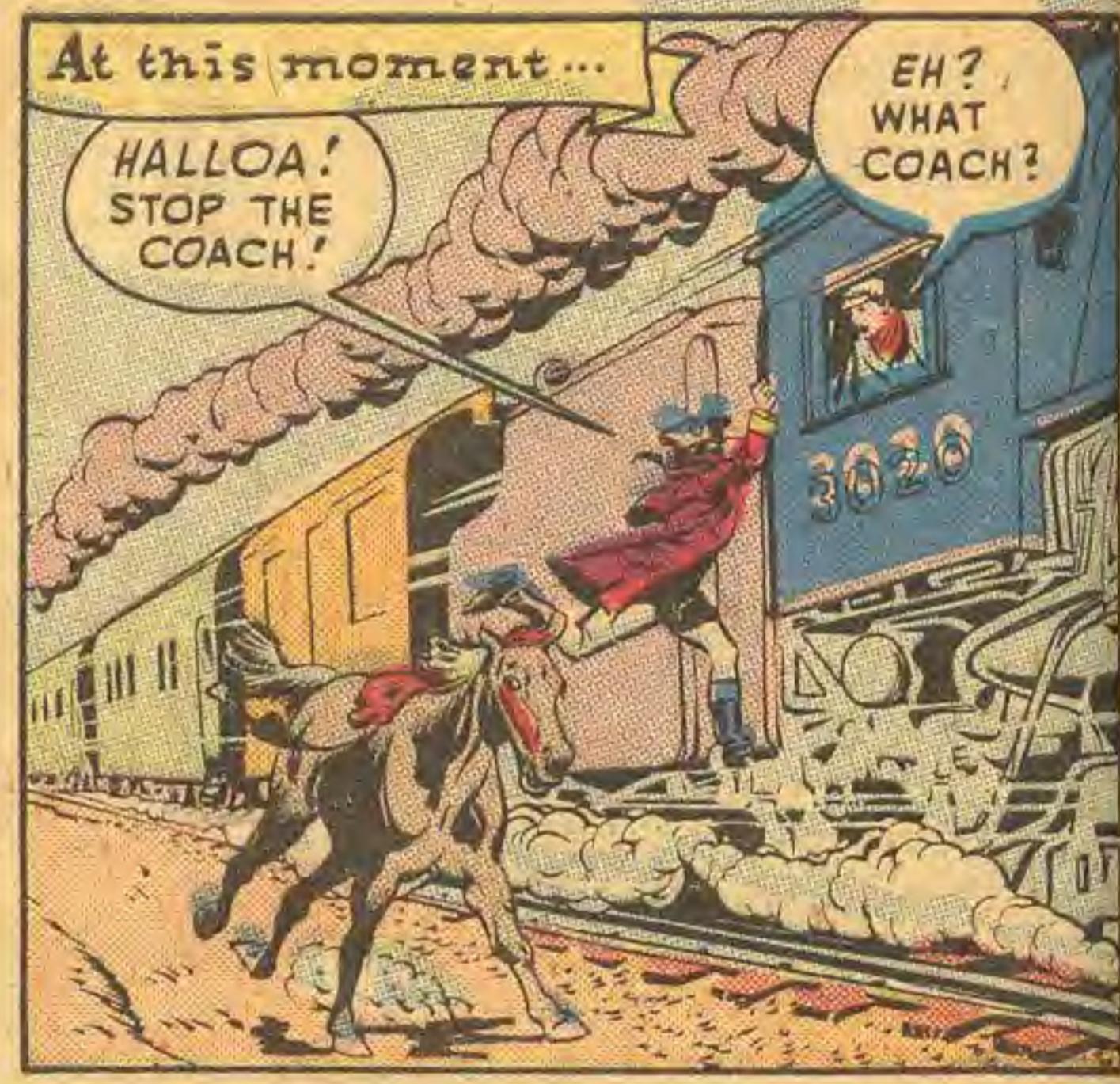


HE WAS HEADED FOR THE
ENGINEER'S CAB! IT WON'T
HURT TO TAKE A LOOK!

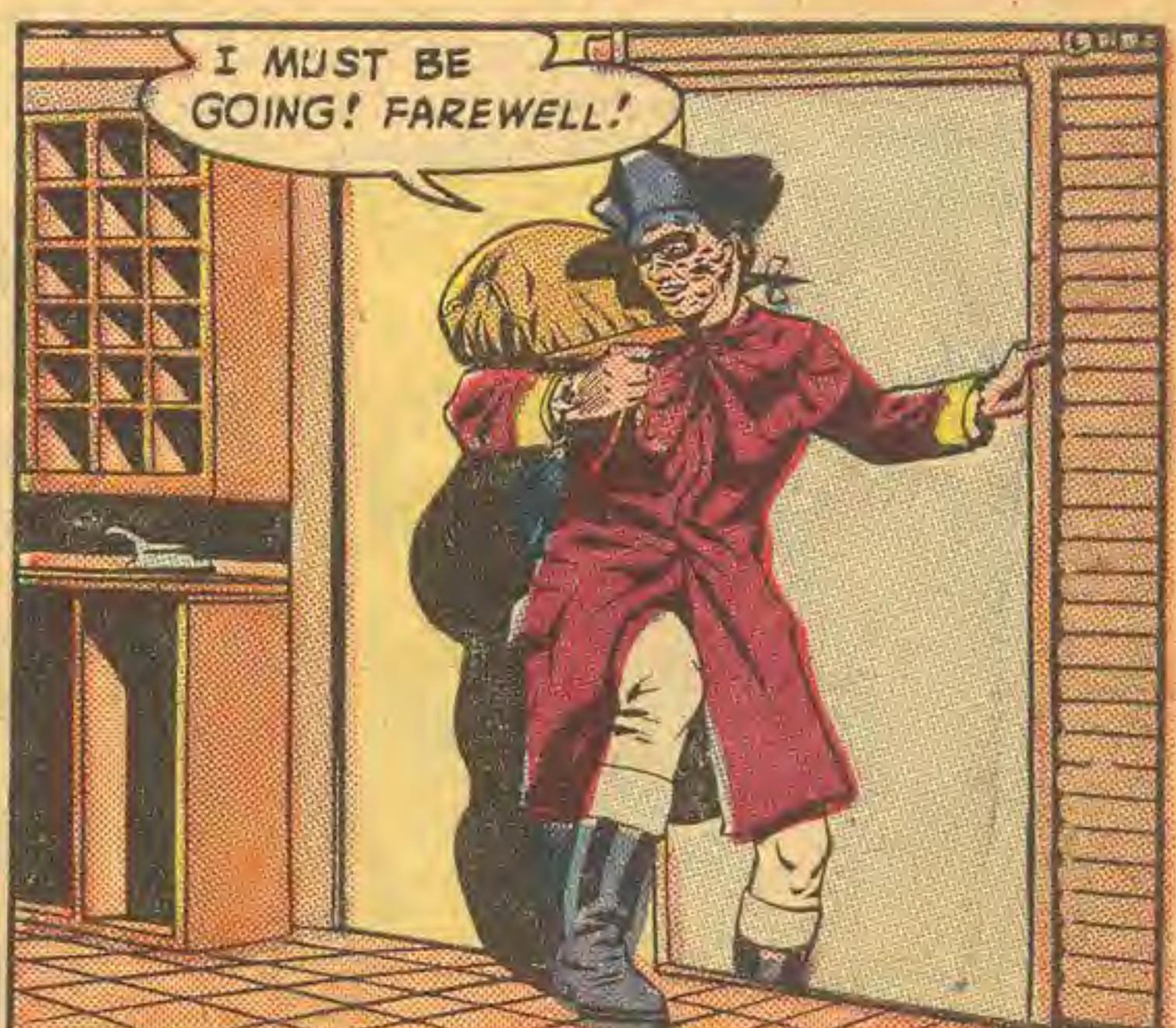
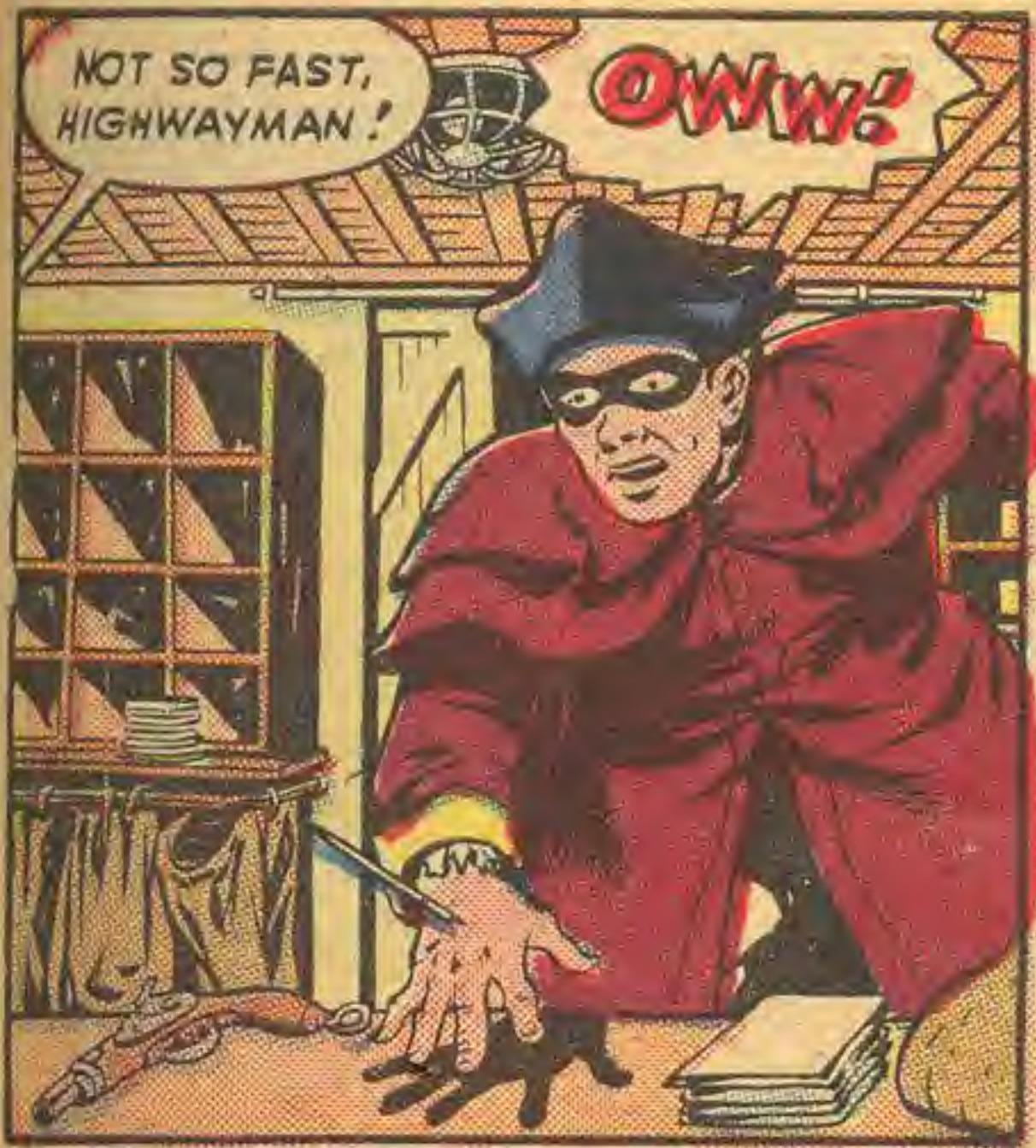
EXCUSE ME,
MARTHA!



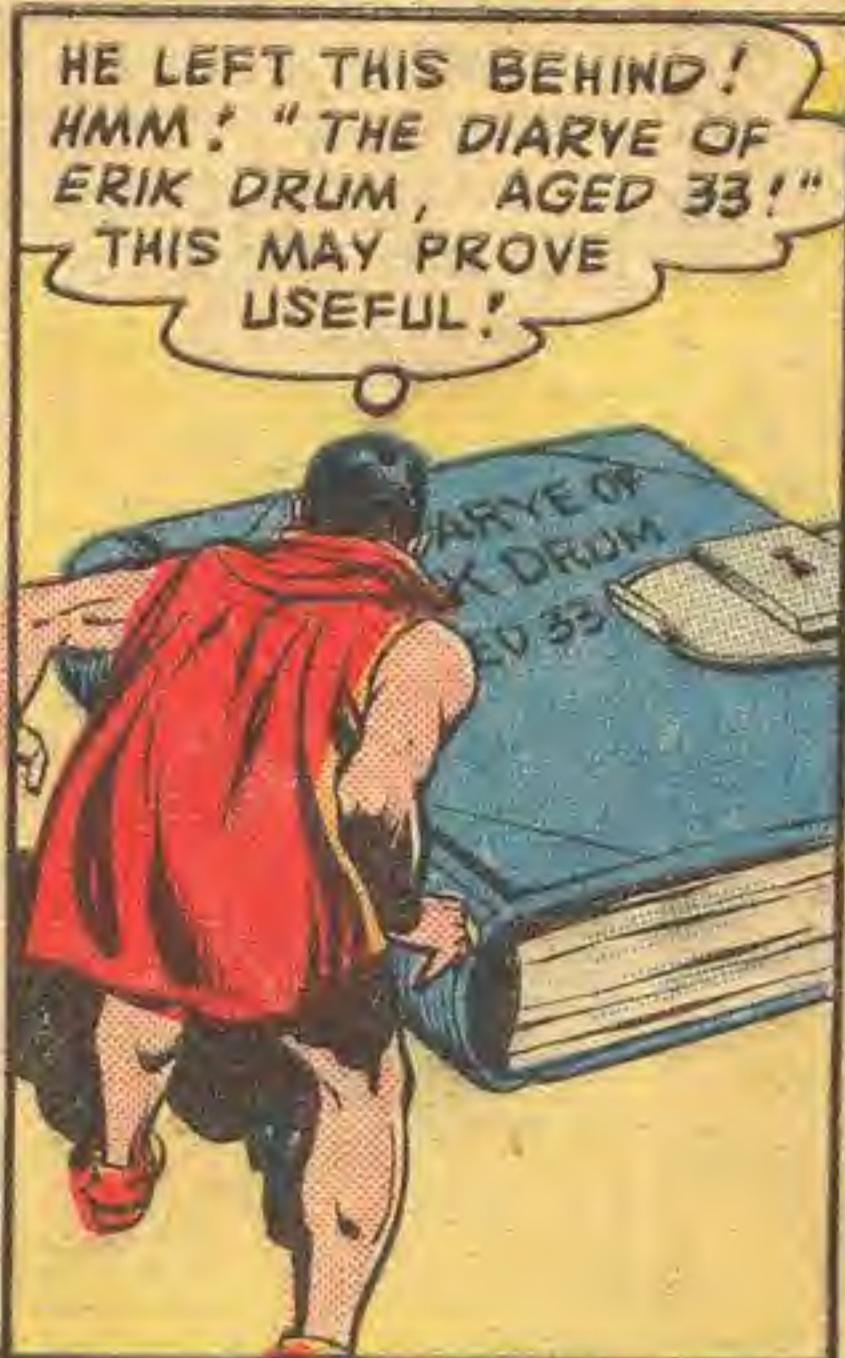
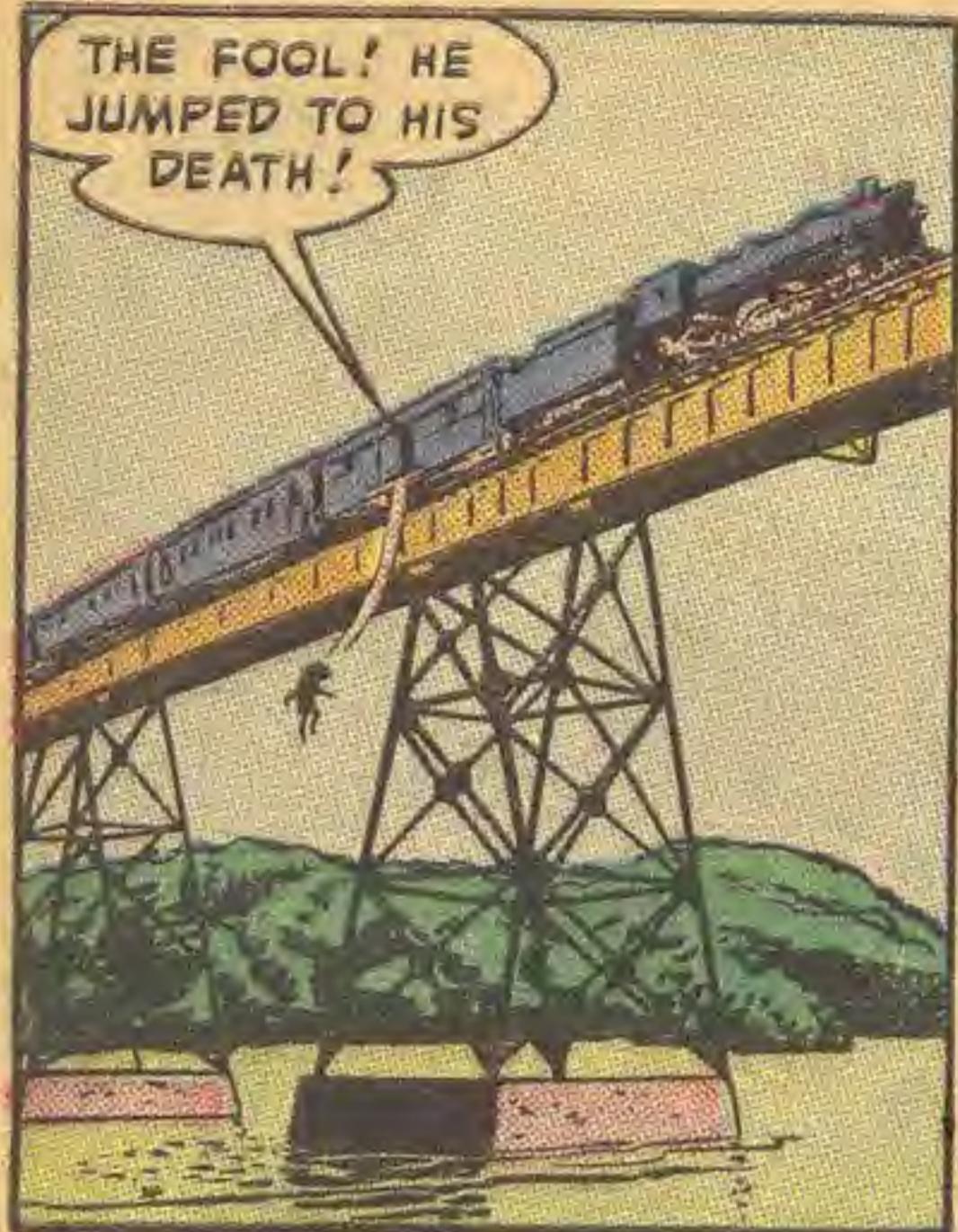
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

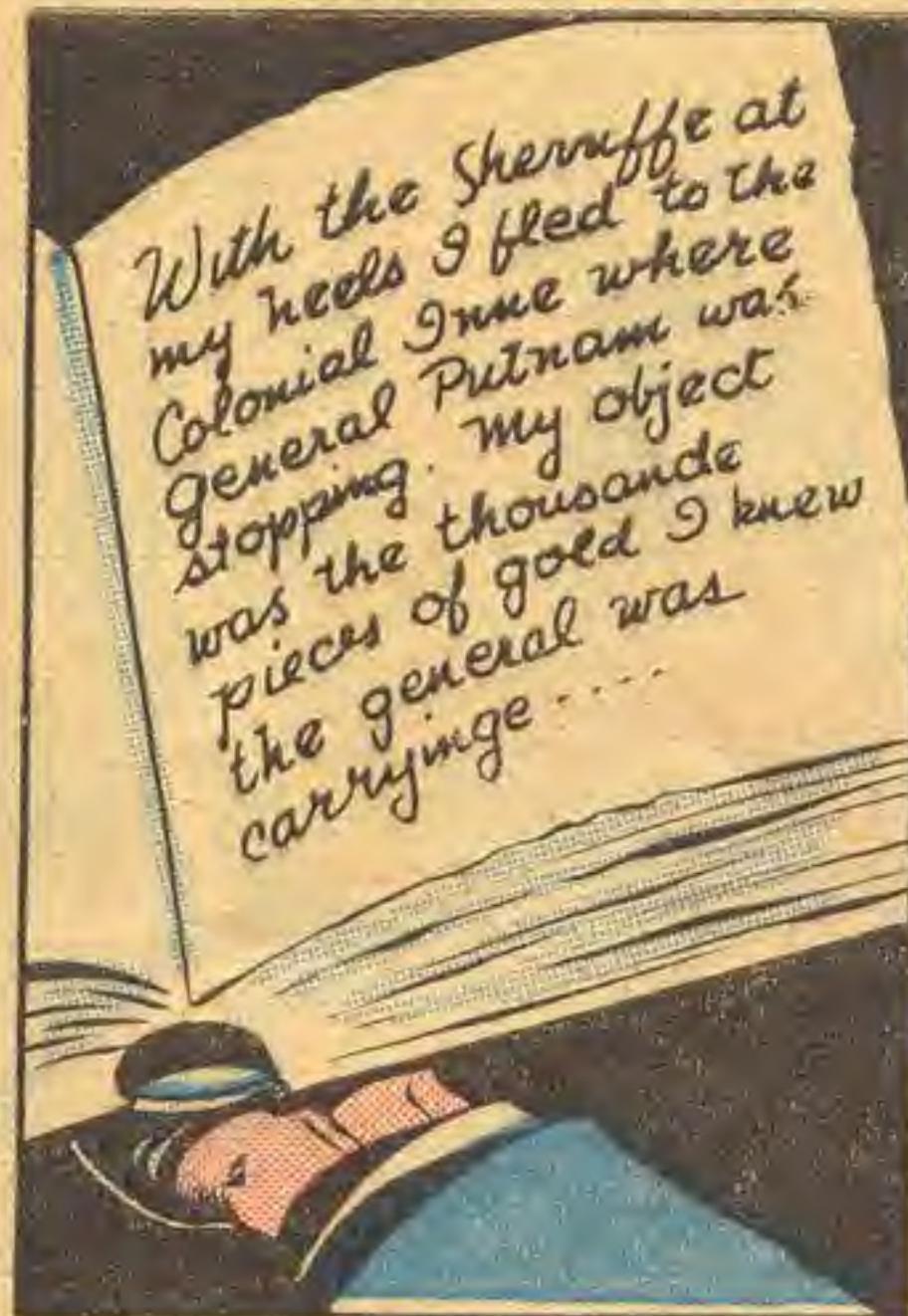


FEATURE COMICS

THIS ERIK DRUM WAS A HIGHWAYMAN, TOO. HE ROBBED A COACH TO CONCORD UNDER EXACTLY THE SAME CIRCUMSTANCES AS THE HIGHWAYMAN ROBBED THE TRAIN TODAY. AND THEN ---



With the Sheriff at my heels I fled to the Colonial Inn where General Putnam was staying. My object was the thousand pieces of gold I knew the general was carrying ...



I'VE GOT AN IDEA THE HIGHWAYMAN IS TRYING TO REPEAT THESE CRIMES OF OLD ERIK DRUM, UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS! THIS HOTEL IS ON THE SITE OF THE OLD COLONIAL INN!



AND TONIGHT THERE'S A CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF MAYOR PUTNAM'S ELECTION! HE'S A DESCENDANT OF THE OLD GENERAL HIMSELF! IF I'M RIGHT, THIS WILL BE A PERFECT SET-UP FOR THE HIGHWAYMAN!



That night, the hotel ballroom is crowded with people in costumes unfamiliar since colonial days ...



IT'S SUCH A NOVEL IDEA, TOO! A REVOLUTIONARY BALL, WITH GENUINE RELICS OF WASHINGTON'S DAY! THEY MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!



BALLOONS!
SOMEONE'S RELEASING
THEM THROUGH THE
TRAP DOOR!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

Moments later...

A POX UPON THE
LITTLE IMP! I WANT
NO MORE OF HIM!



MY HORSE IS WAITING!
THE HIGHWAYMAN WILL
ESCAPE TO RIDE
AGAIN!



HE'S NOT GETTING
AWAY THAT EASILY!



TAKE THE LEFT
FORK, LAD!
HURRY!

I'LL LISTEN TO NO MORE
OF YOUR ADVICE! IT
BRINGS ME NOTHING
BUT TROUBLE!



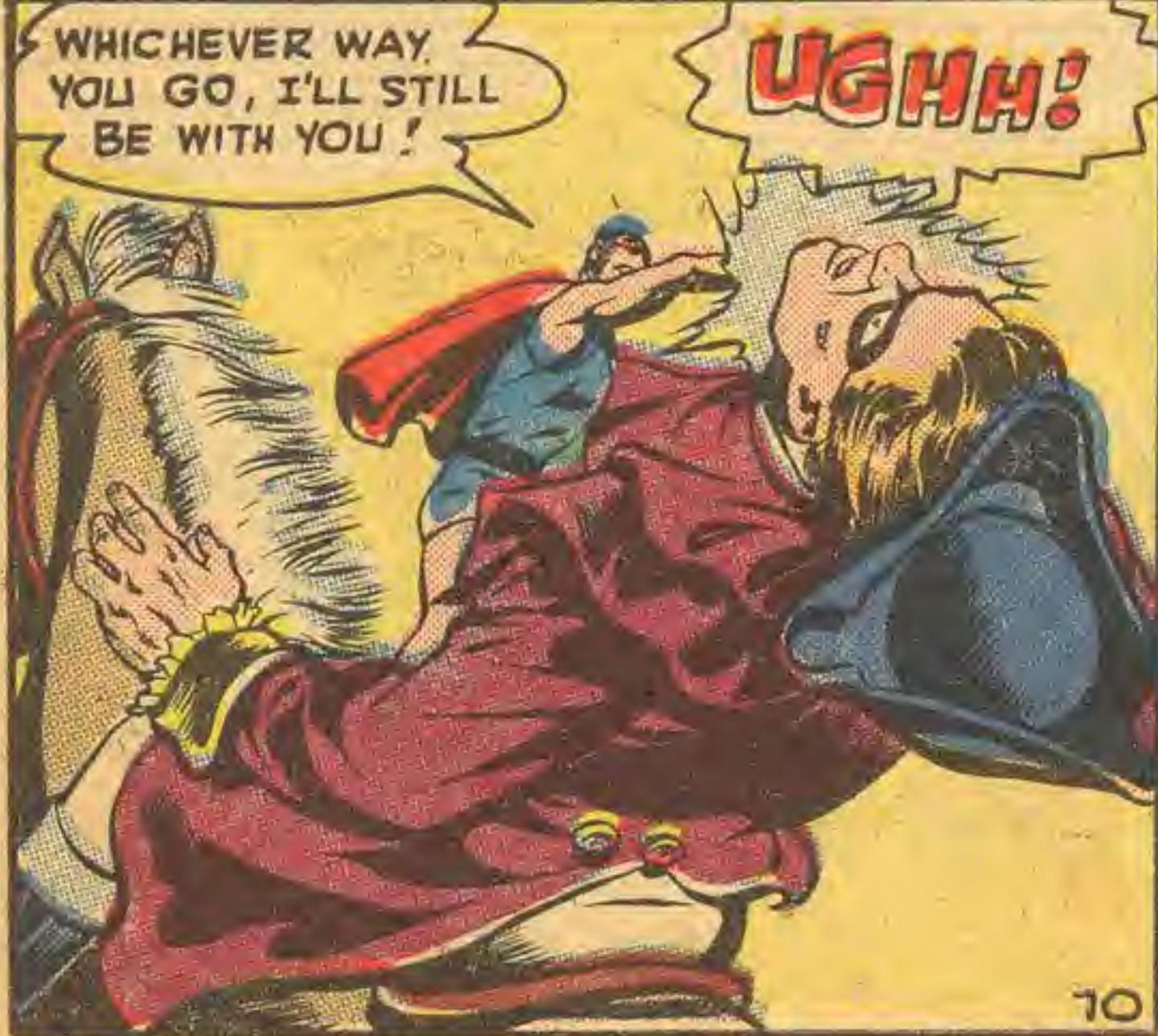
I'LL TAKE THE
RIGHT FORK!

WELL, IT
REALLY DOESN'T
MATTER!



WHICHEVER WAY
YOU GO, I'LL STILL
BE WITH YOU!

UGH!



LOOK
OUT
BELOW!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

LALA PALOOZA



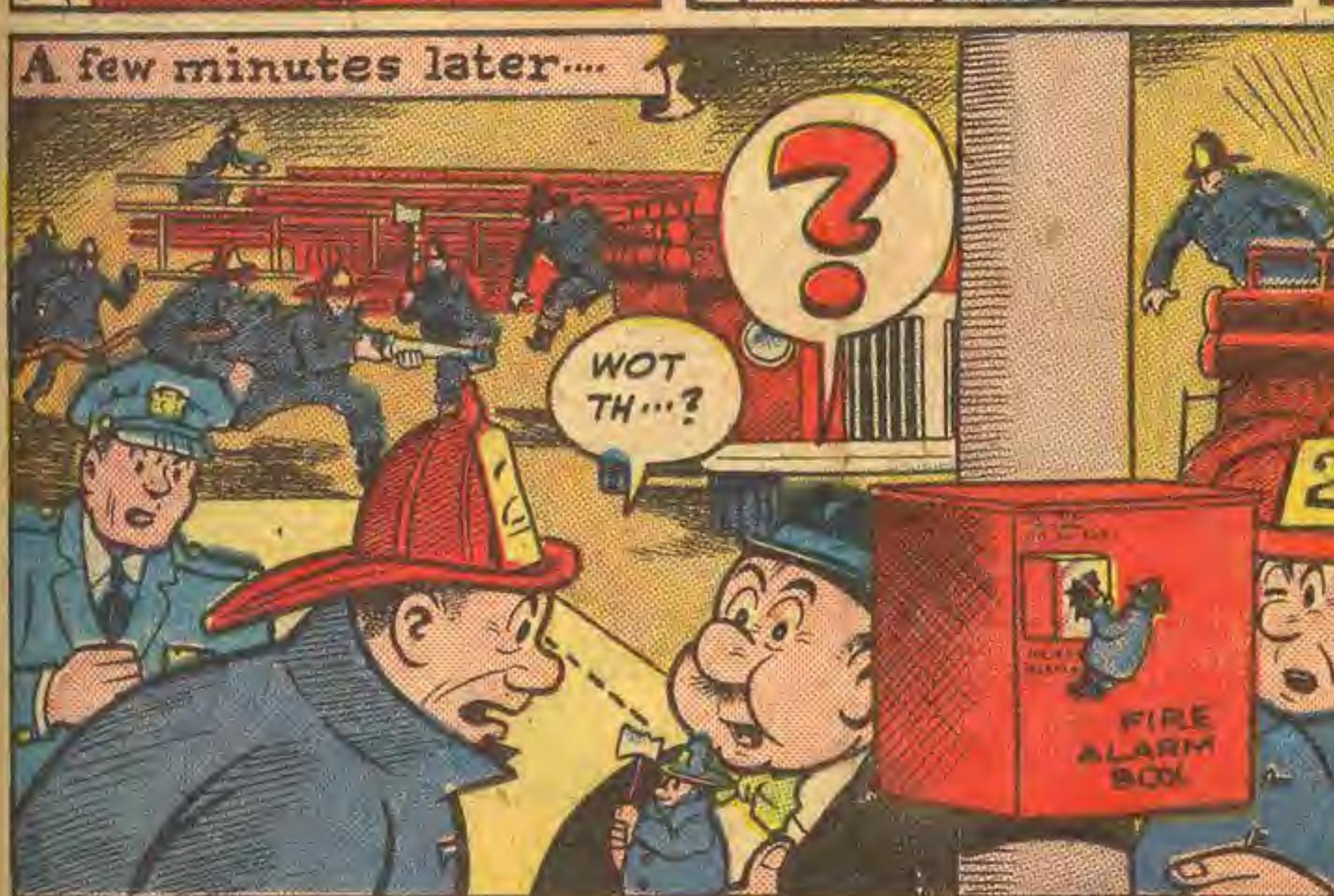
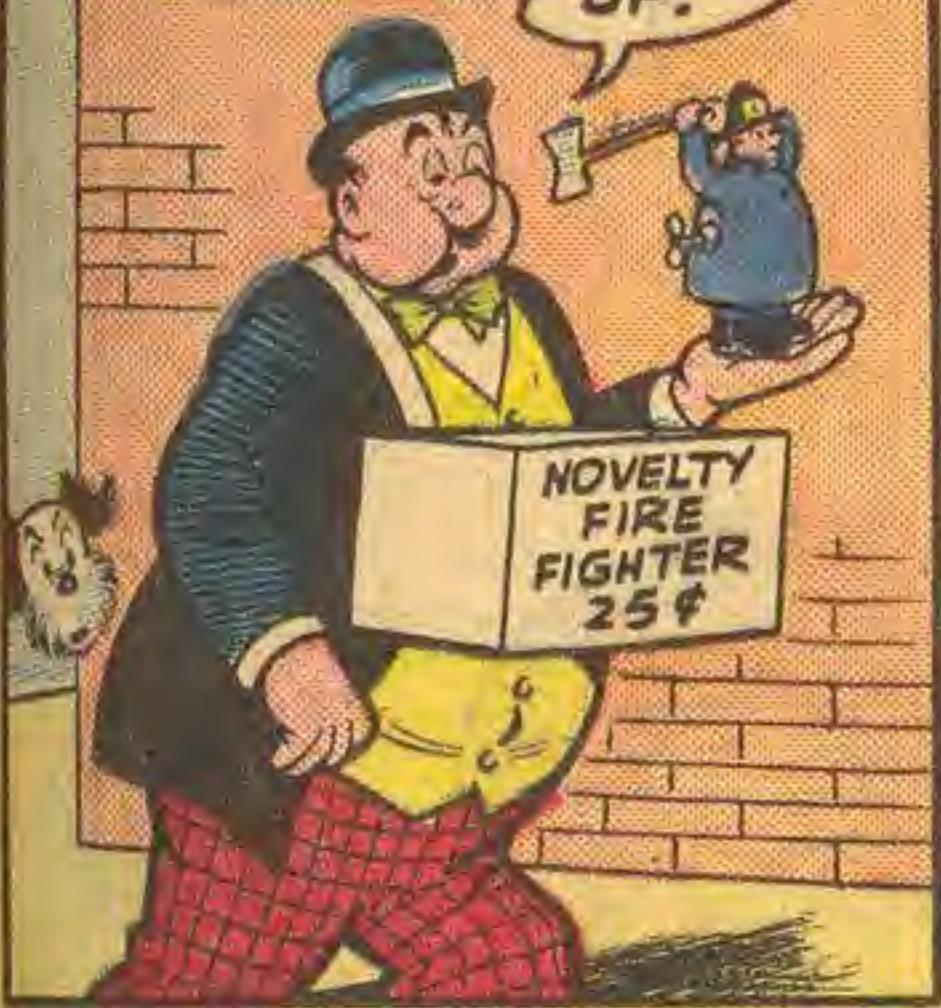
FEATURE COMICS

LALA PALOOZA

JUST GET A CROWD AROUND ME, THE MAN SAID, AND FOLKS ARE SURE TO GRAB 'EM UP!

FIRST, YOU PLACE ONE ON A GOOD SPOT WHERE EVERYBODY CAN SEE IT, TURN THE LITTLE KEY AND...

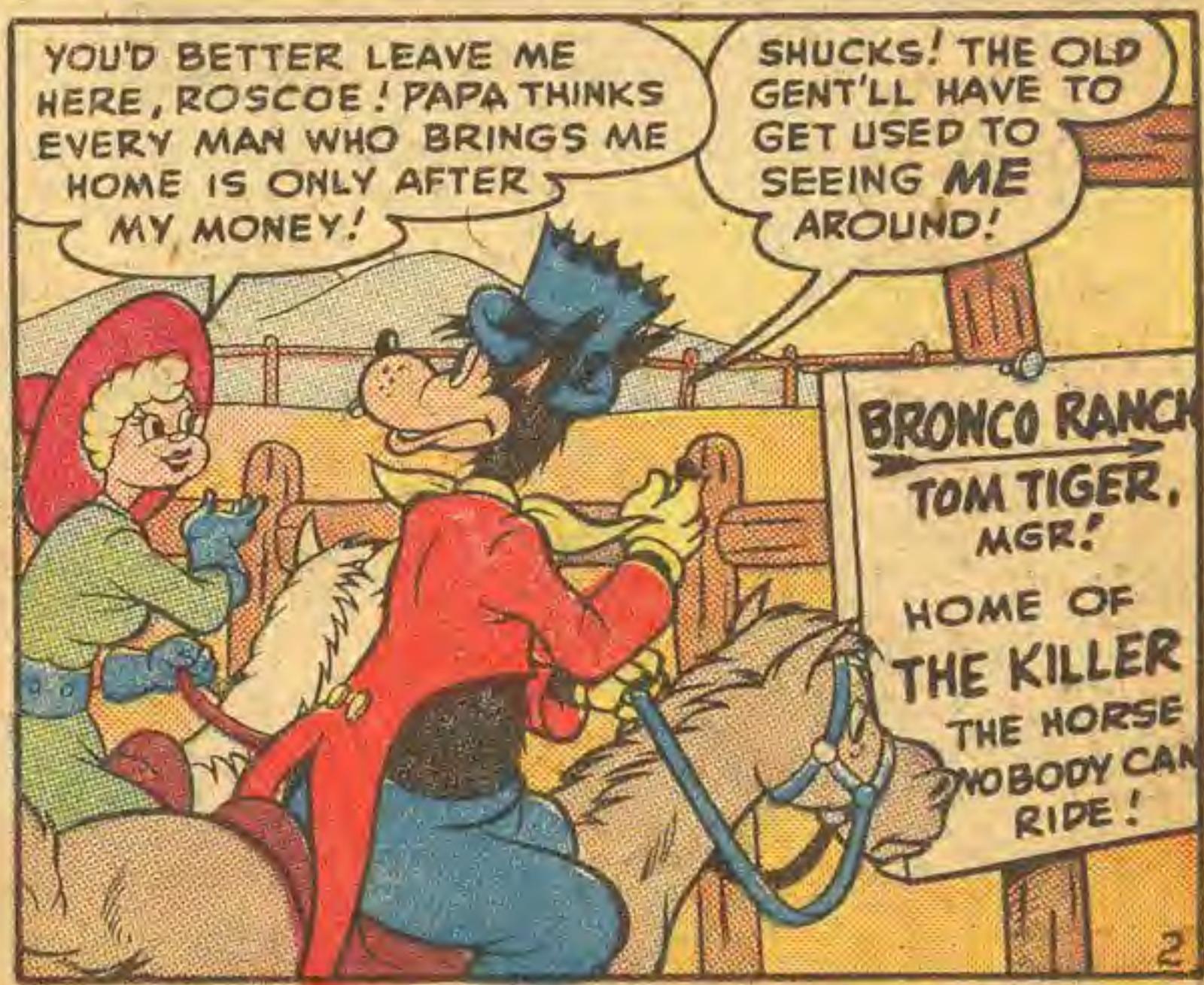
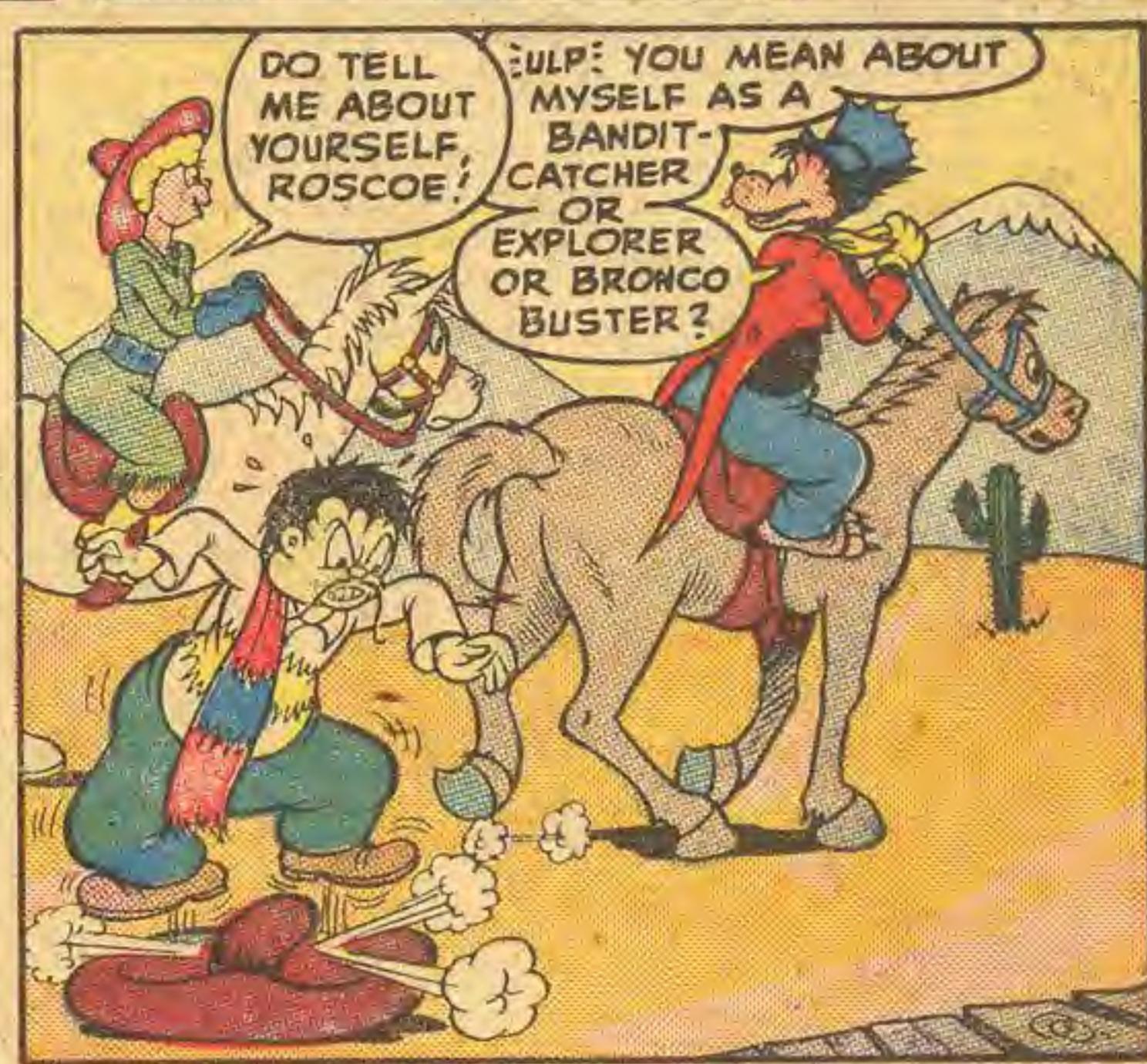
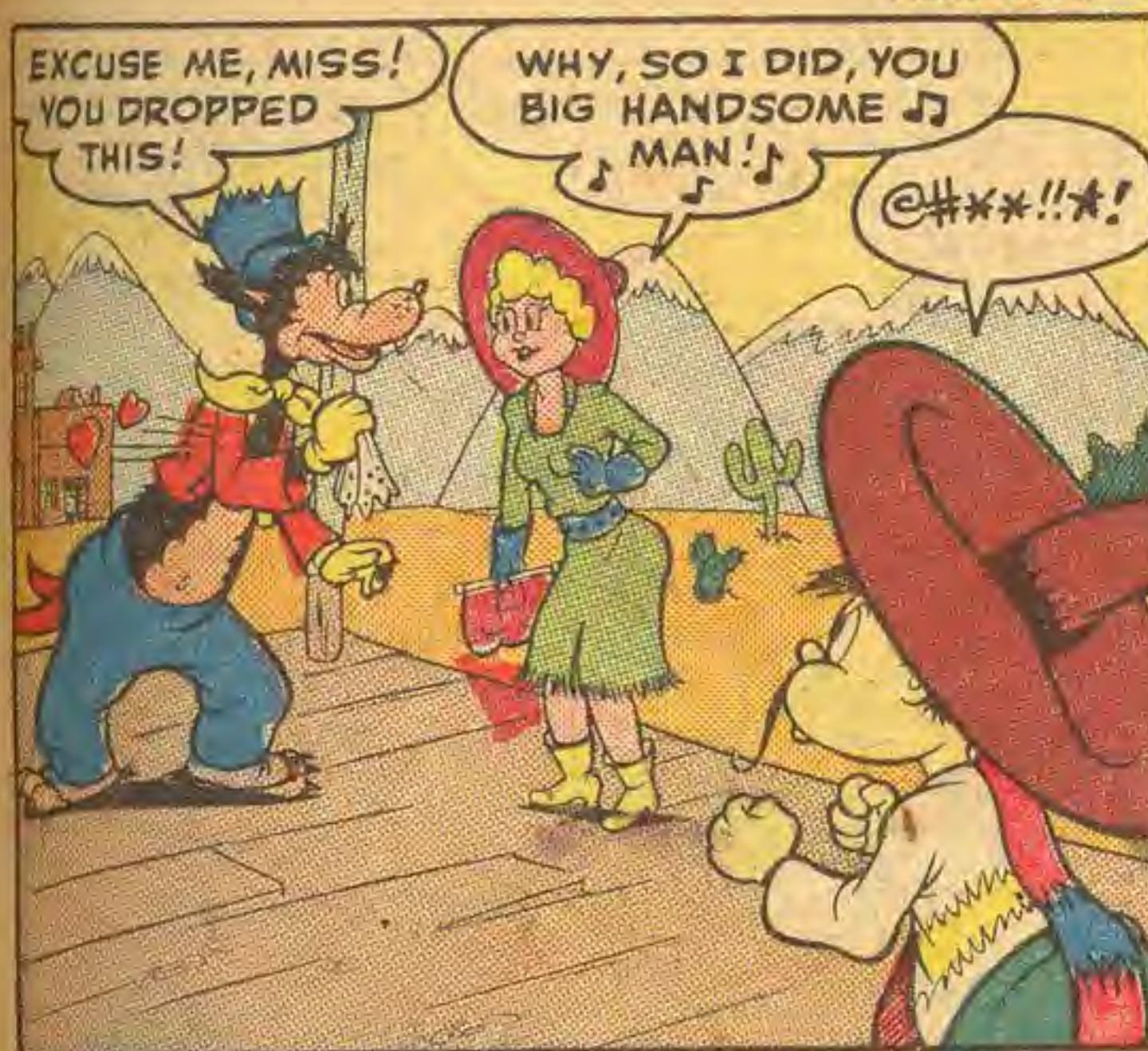
...THEN, THE LITTLE TOY FIREMAN STARTS CHOPPING! SEEMS SIMPLE ENOUGH!



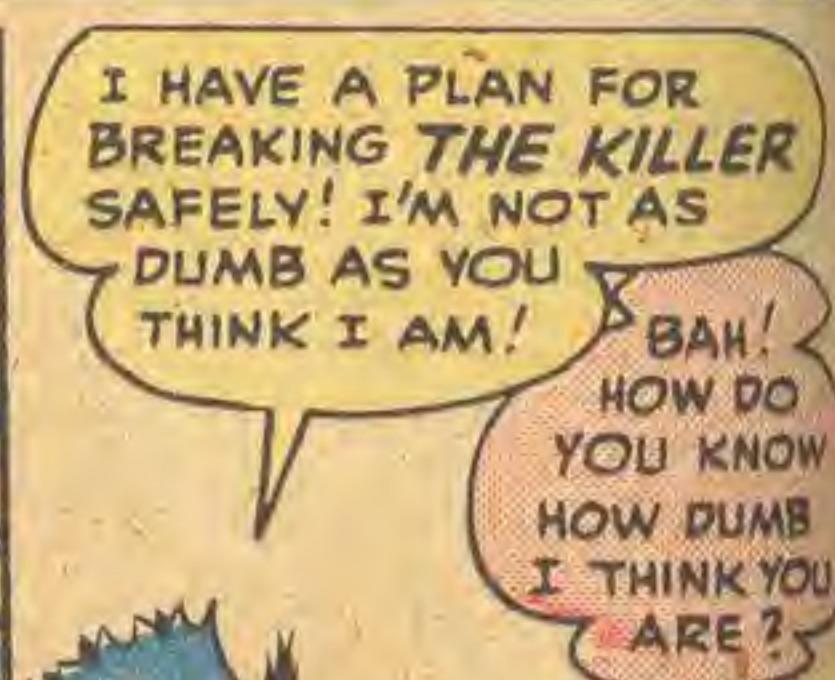
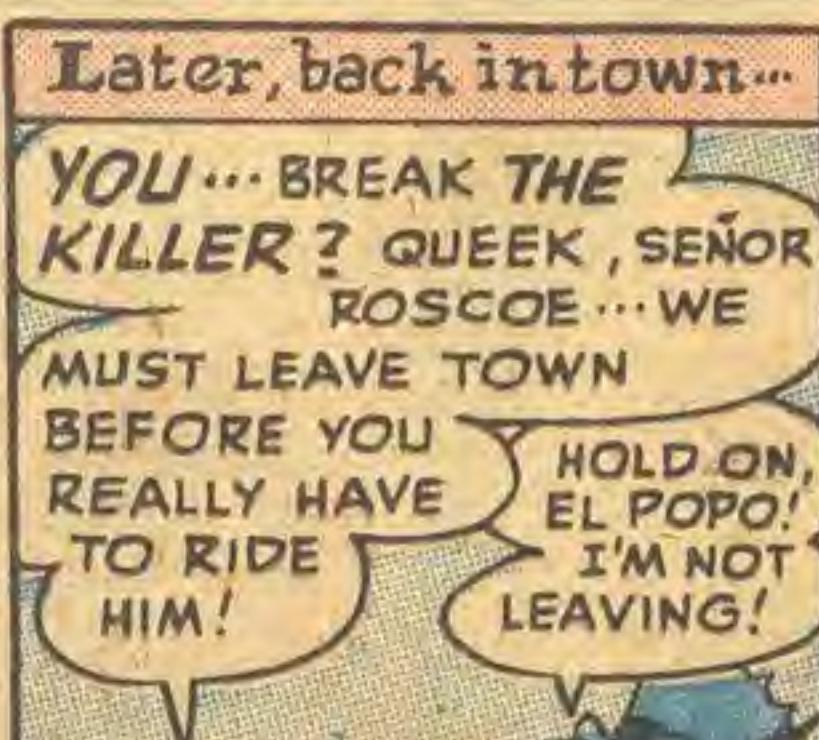
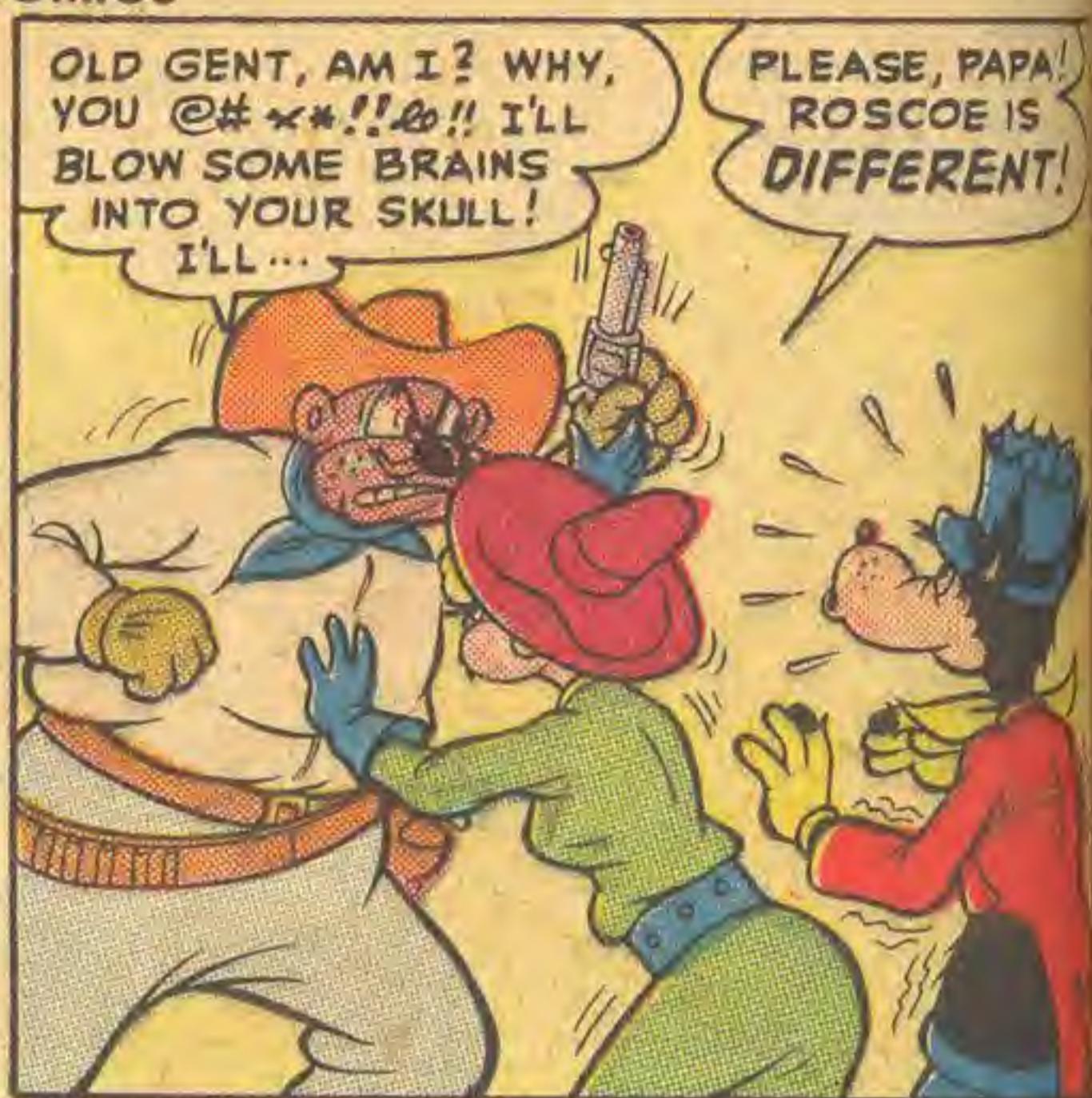
ROSCOE



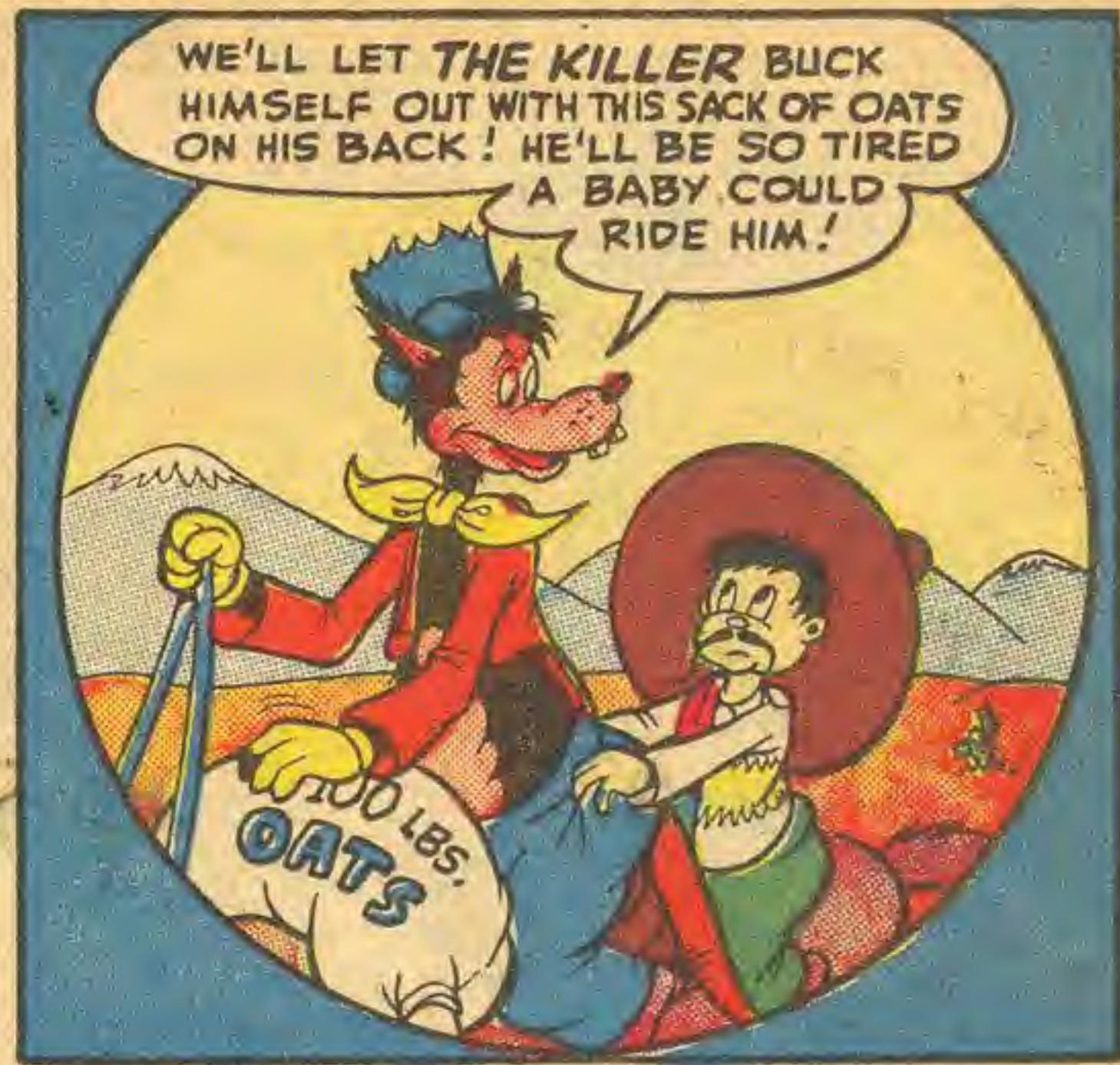
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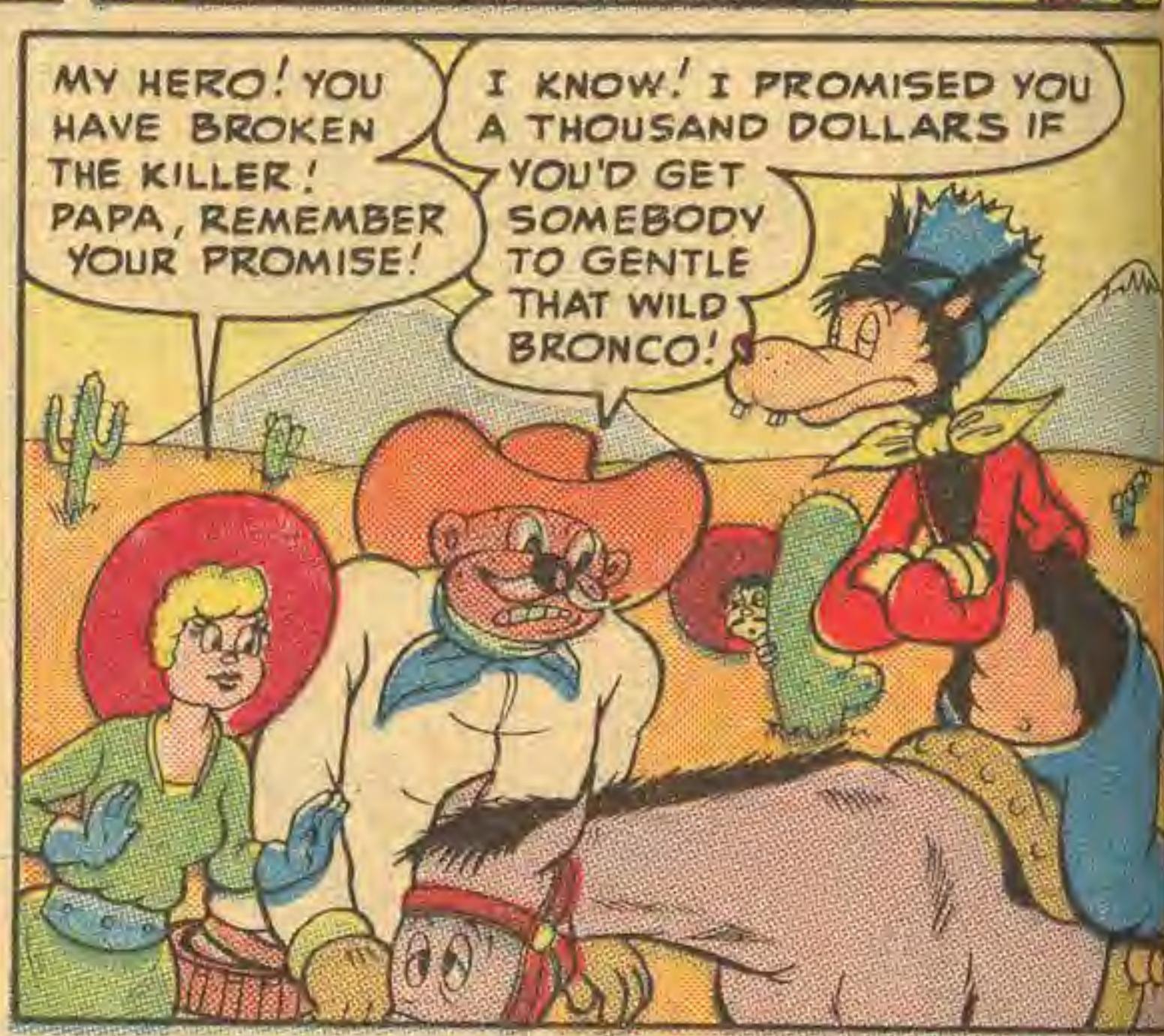
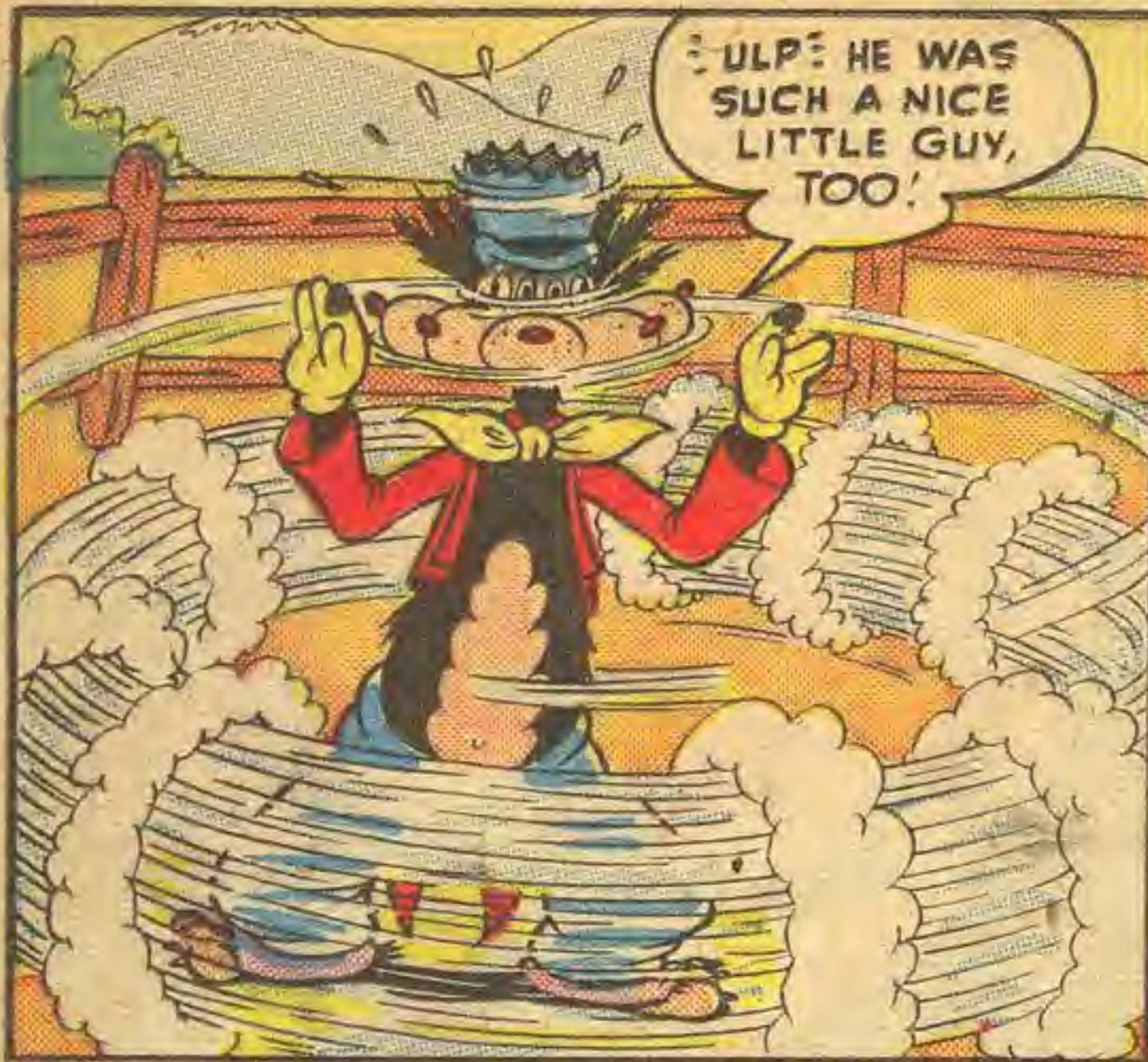
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS





SWING SISSON

THE SHOW IS OVER FOR THE NIGHT AT THE CLOVER CLUB...

IF HE HAS SOMETHING TO SELL, BONNIE, I DON'T WANT IT!

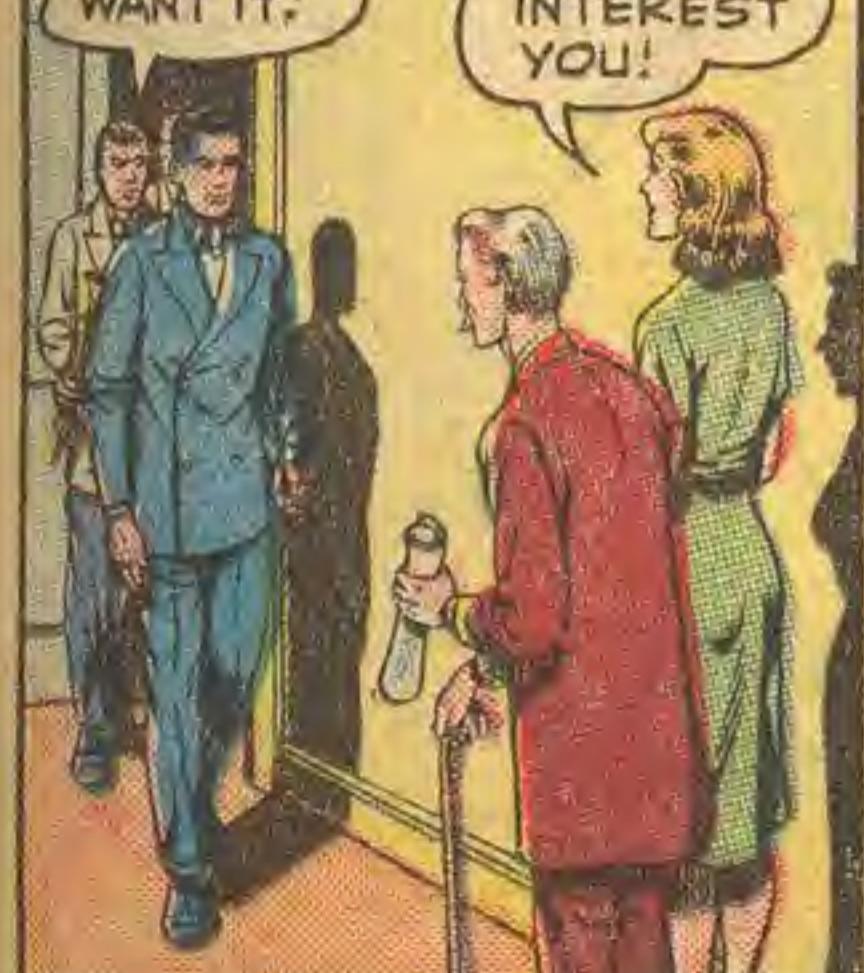
LISTEN TO MR. GARY'S EXPLANATION IT'LL INTEREST YOU!

YOU WANT TO SELL THIS OLD MUSIC MANUSCRIPT? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'S WORTH SOMETHING?

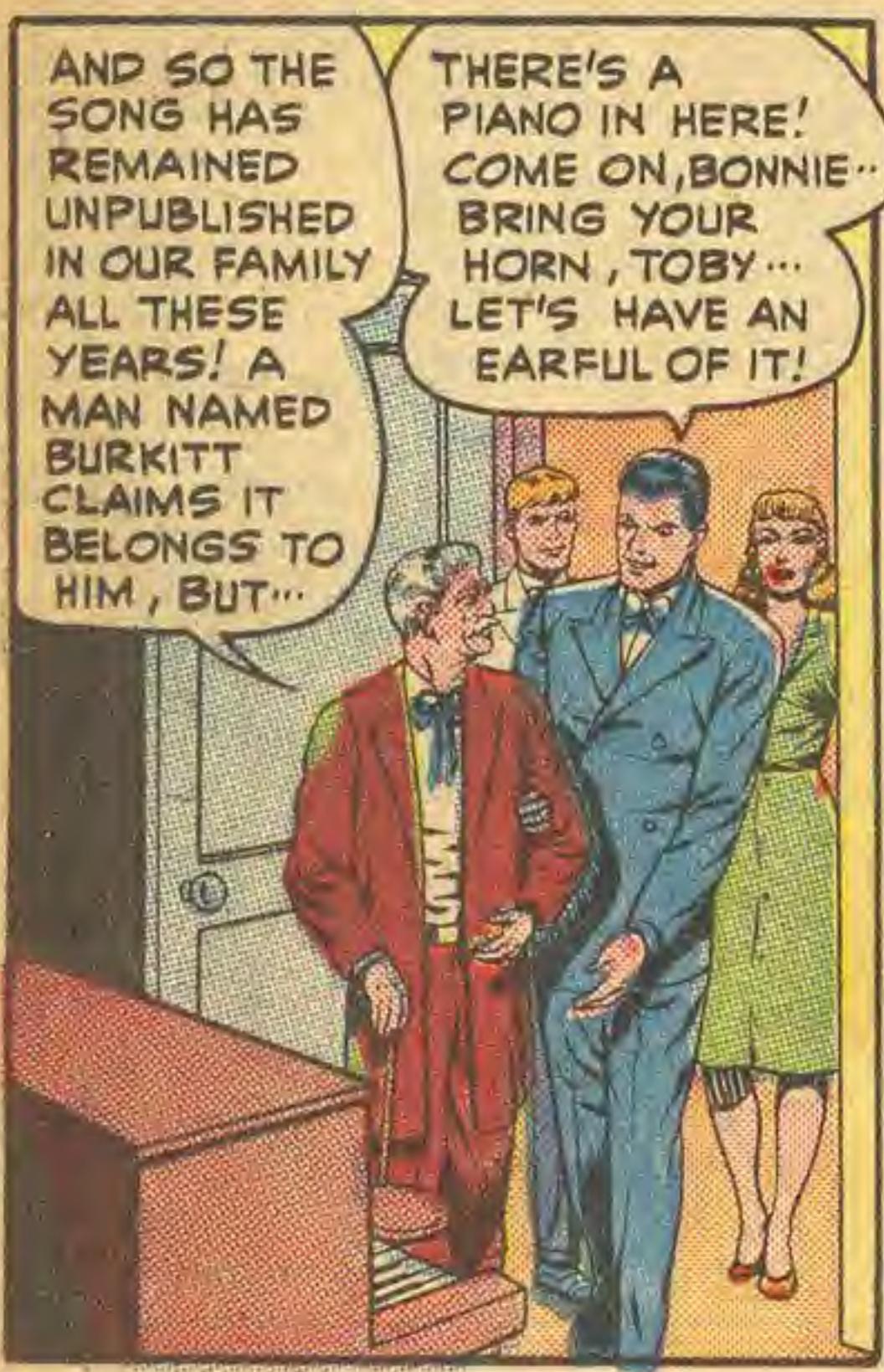
IT WAS MY MOTHER'S! SHE LEFT IT TO ME... SAID IT MIGHT FETCH SOMETHING BECAUSE MR. FOSTER COMPOSED IT 'SPECIALLY FOR HER!'

FOSTER... YES, HERE'S HIS NAME... STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER! BUT THIS IS NO SONG ANY ONE EVER HEARD OF!

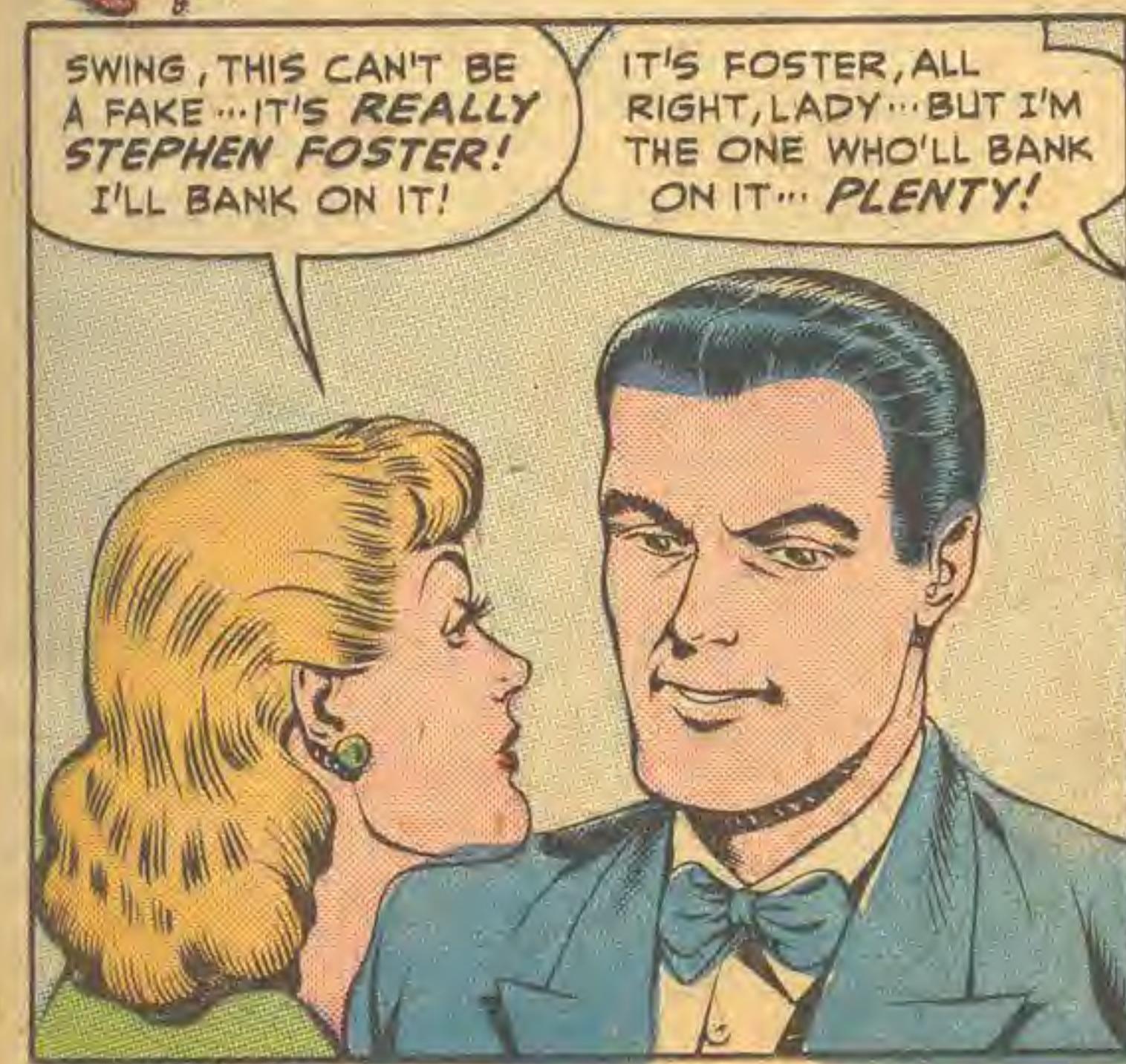
NO! YOU SEE, MR. FOSTER VISITED AT MY MOTHER'S CHILDHOOD HOME! IT WAS MORE THAN EIGHTY YEARS AGO, WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL, AND...



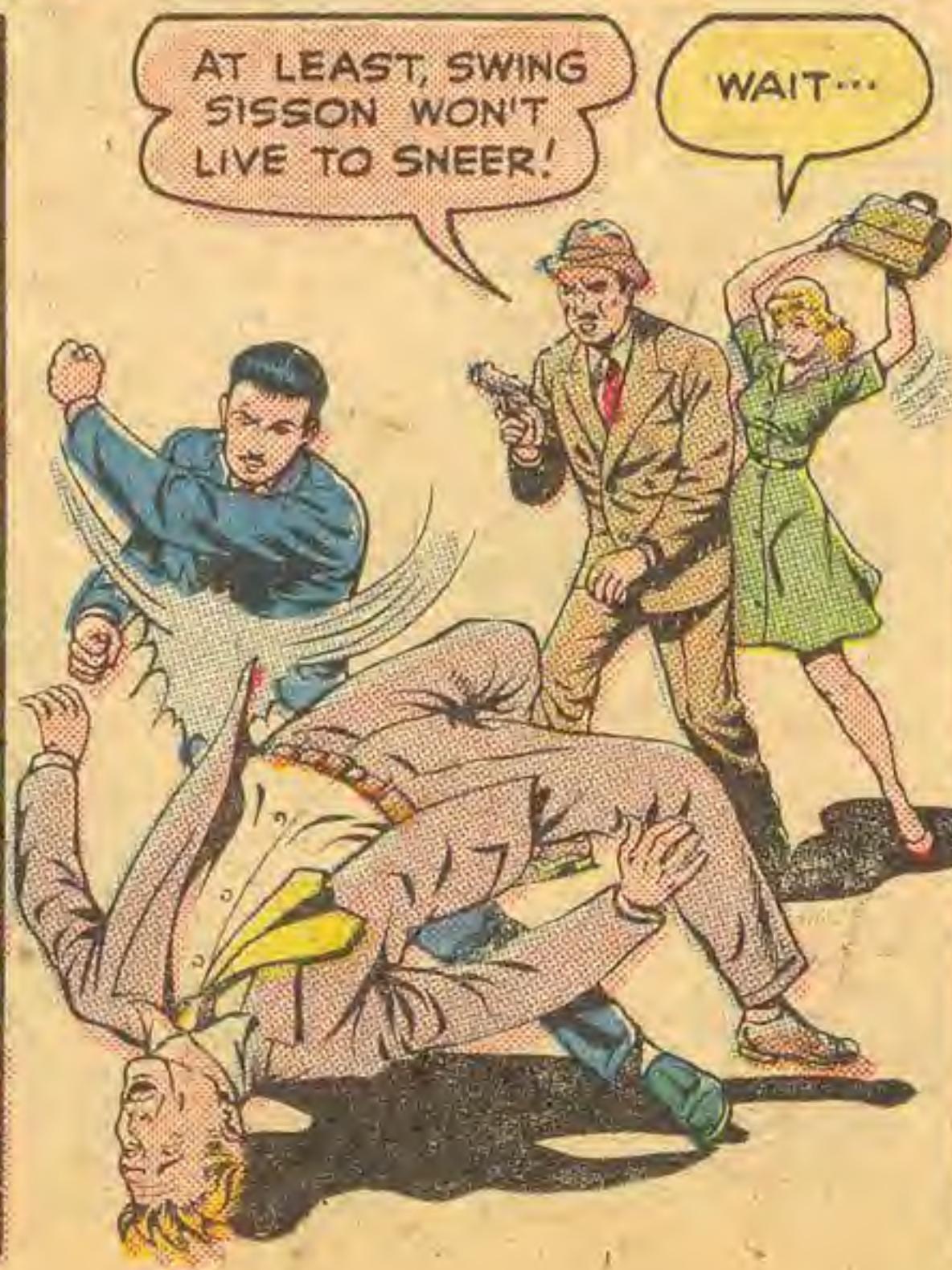
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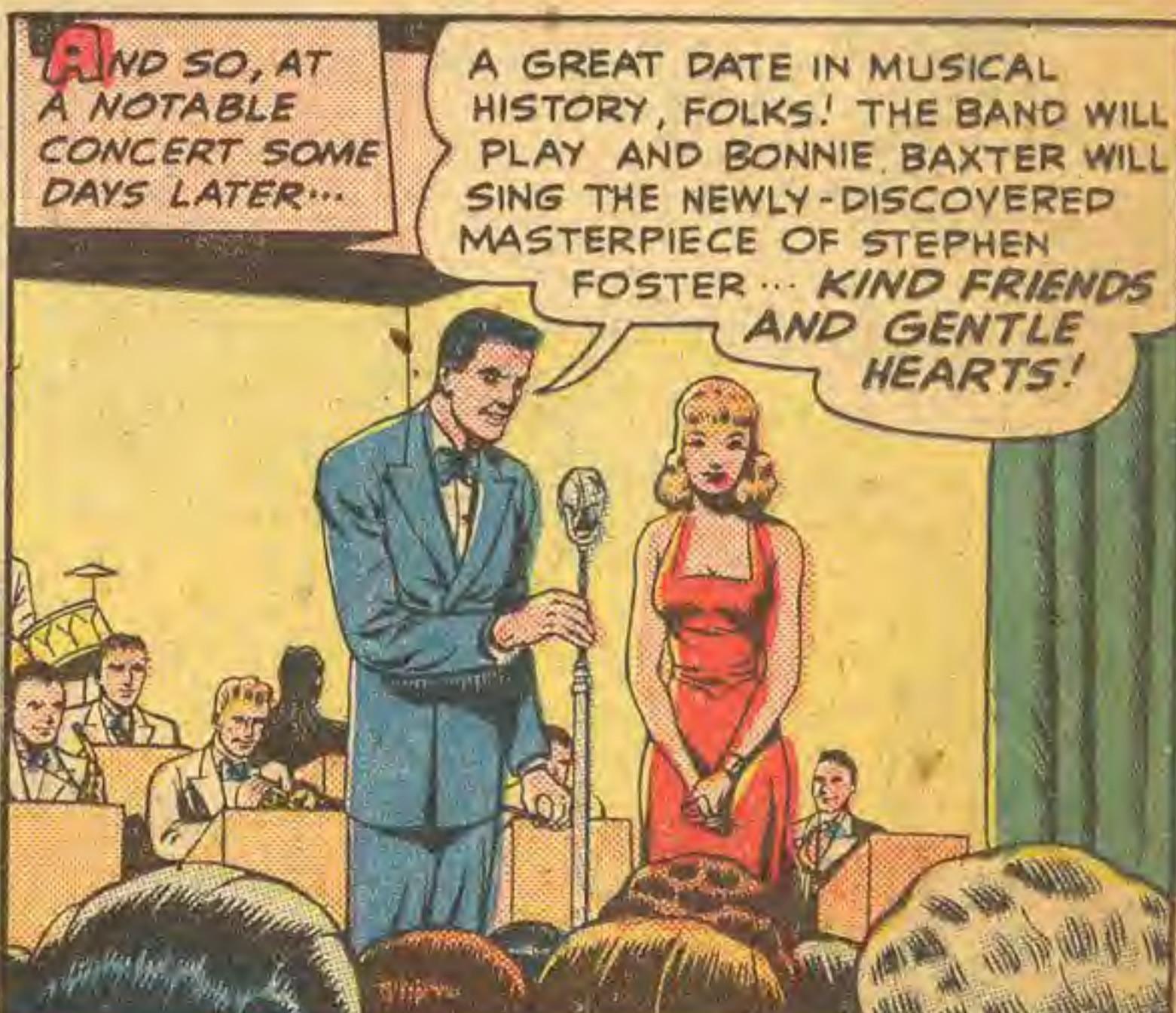
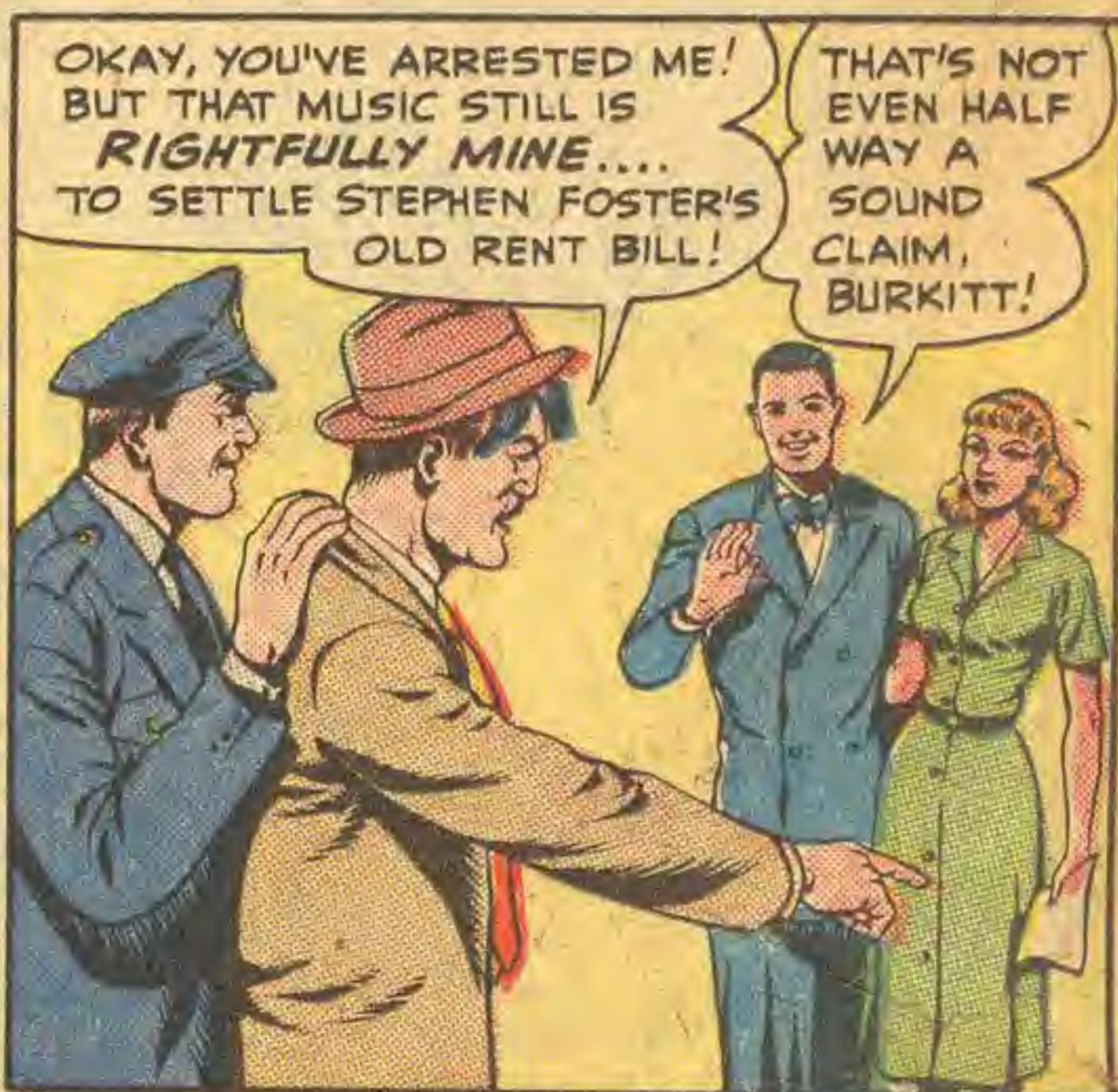
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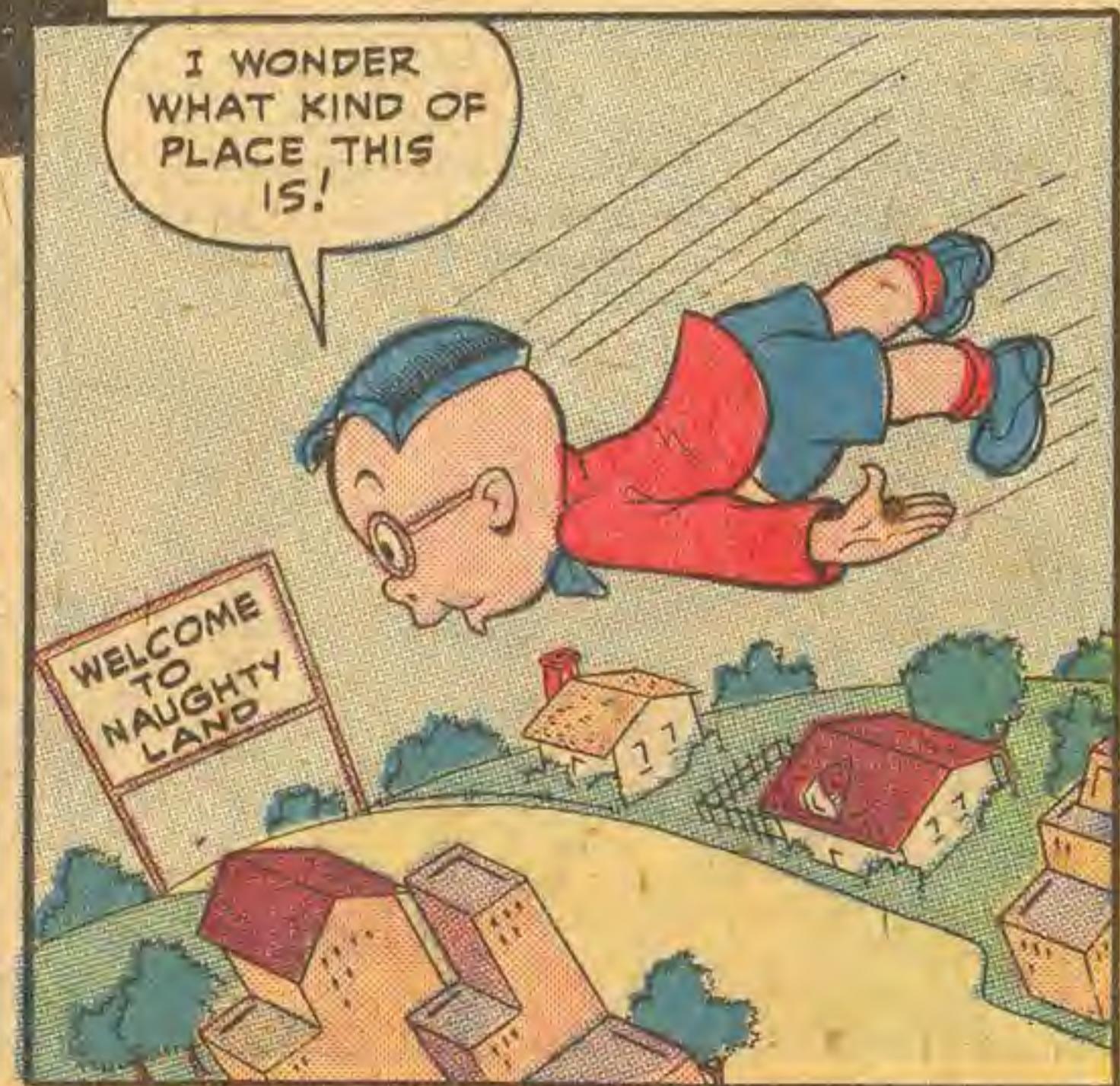
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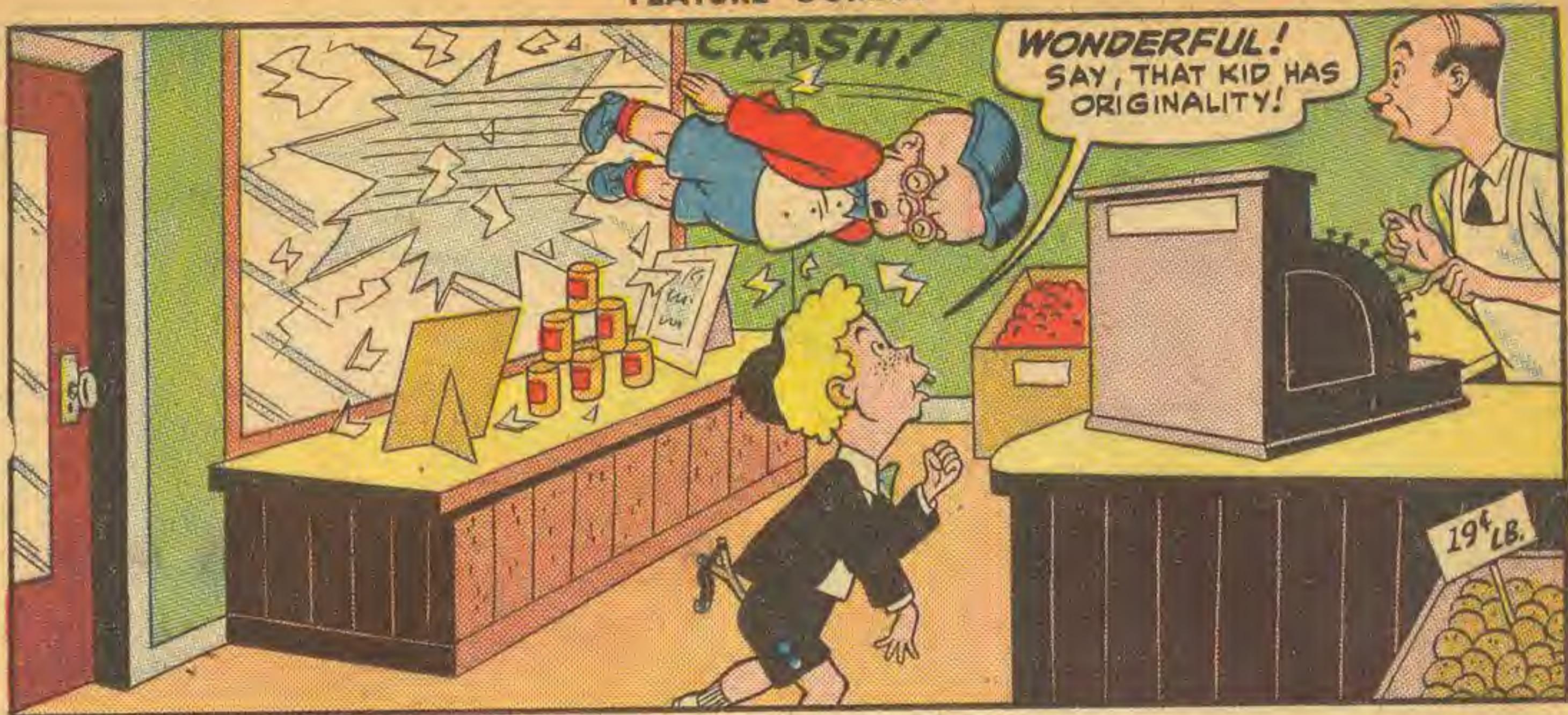
Perky



When Perky stepped into the amateur magician's vanishing box at a vaudeville show, he really disappeared and now, due to a faulty mechanism, every time the magician pulls the lever, Perky goes flying off into worlds beyond....



FEATURE COMICS



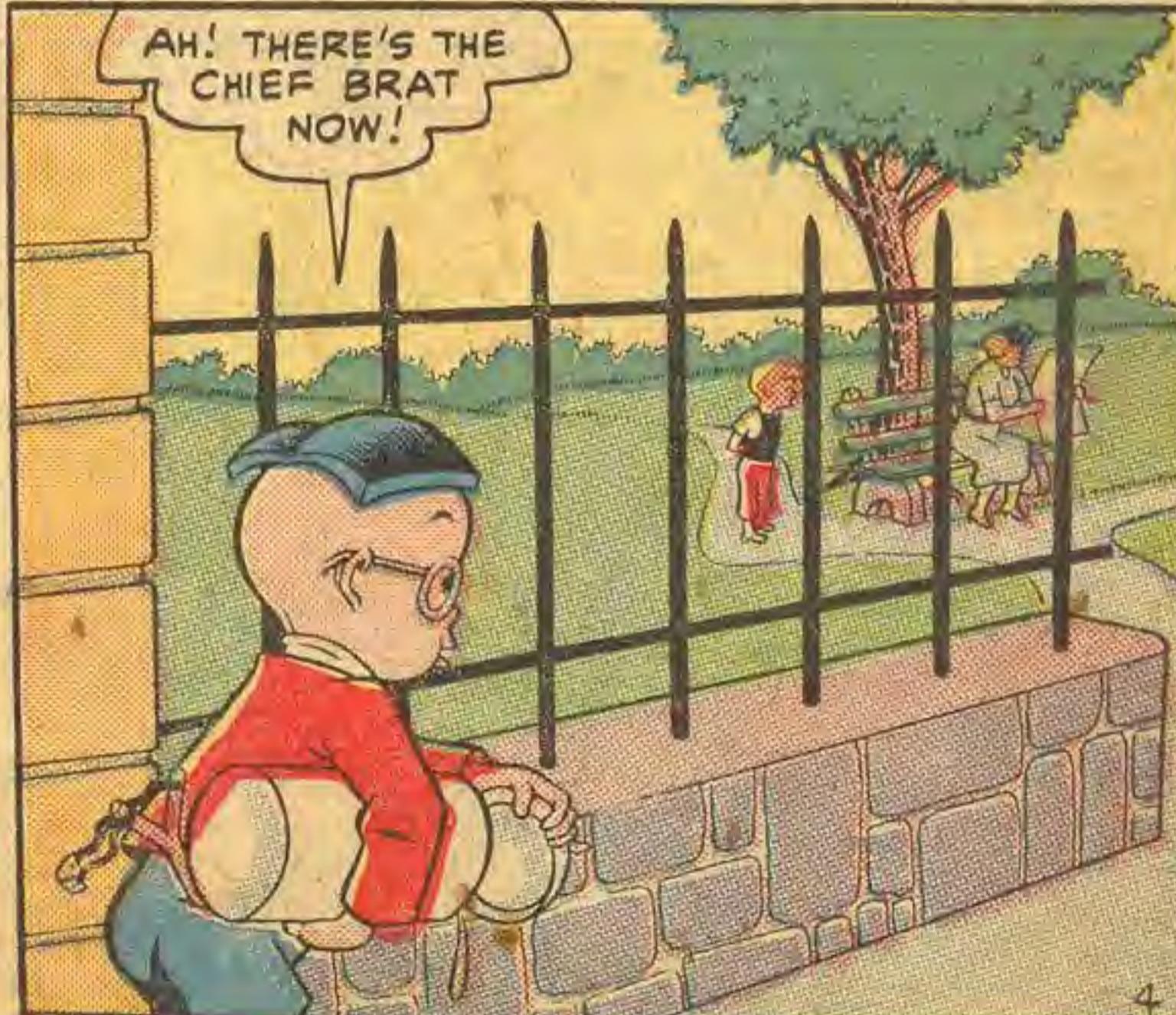
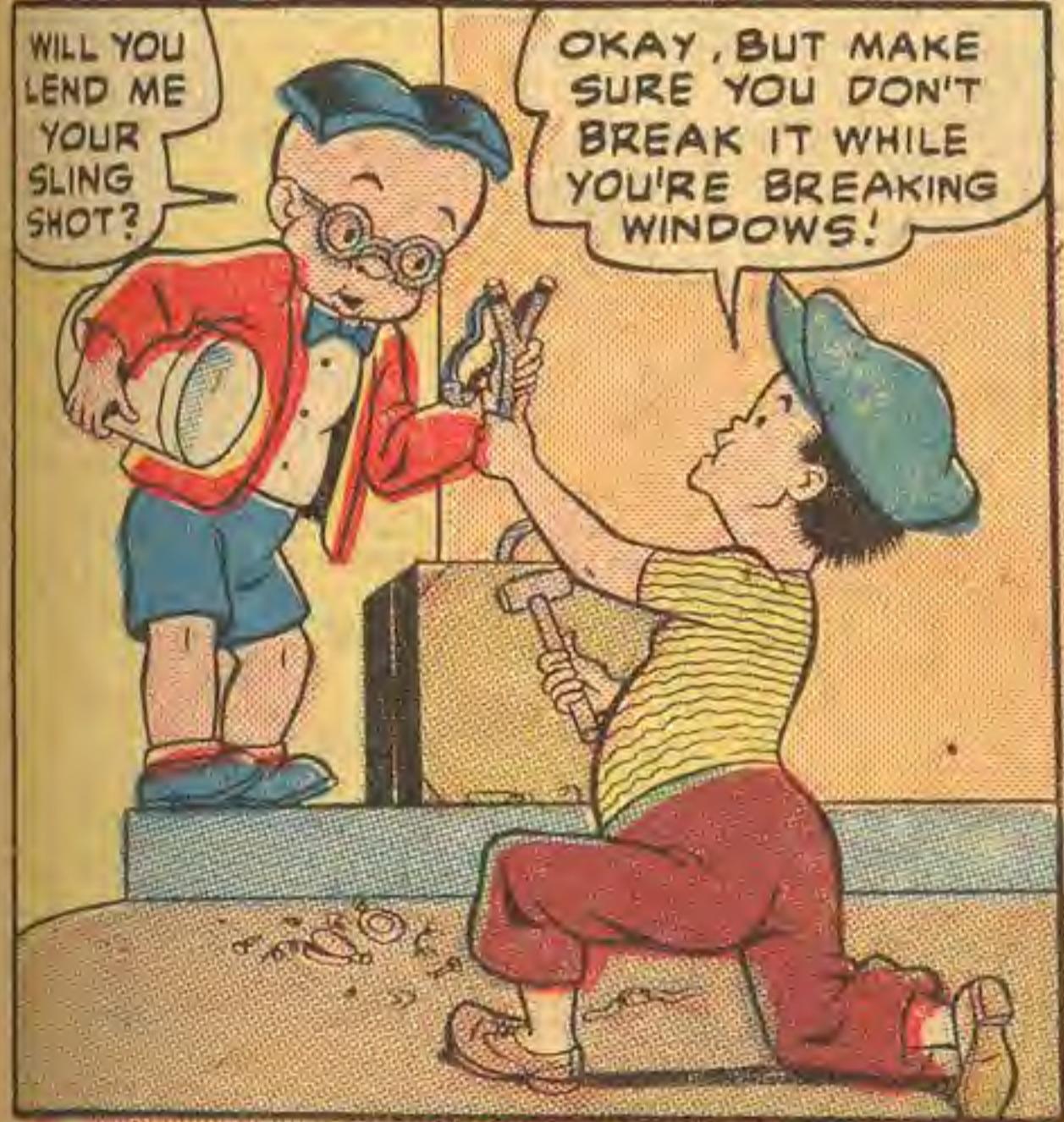
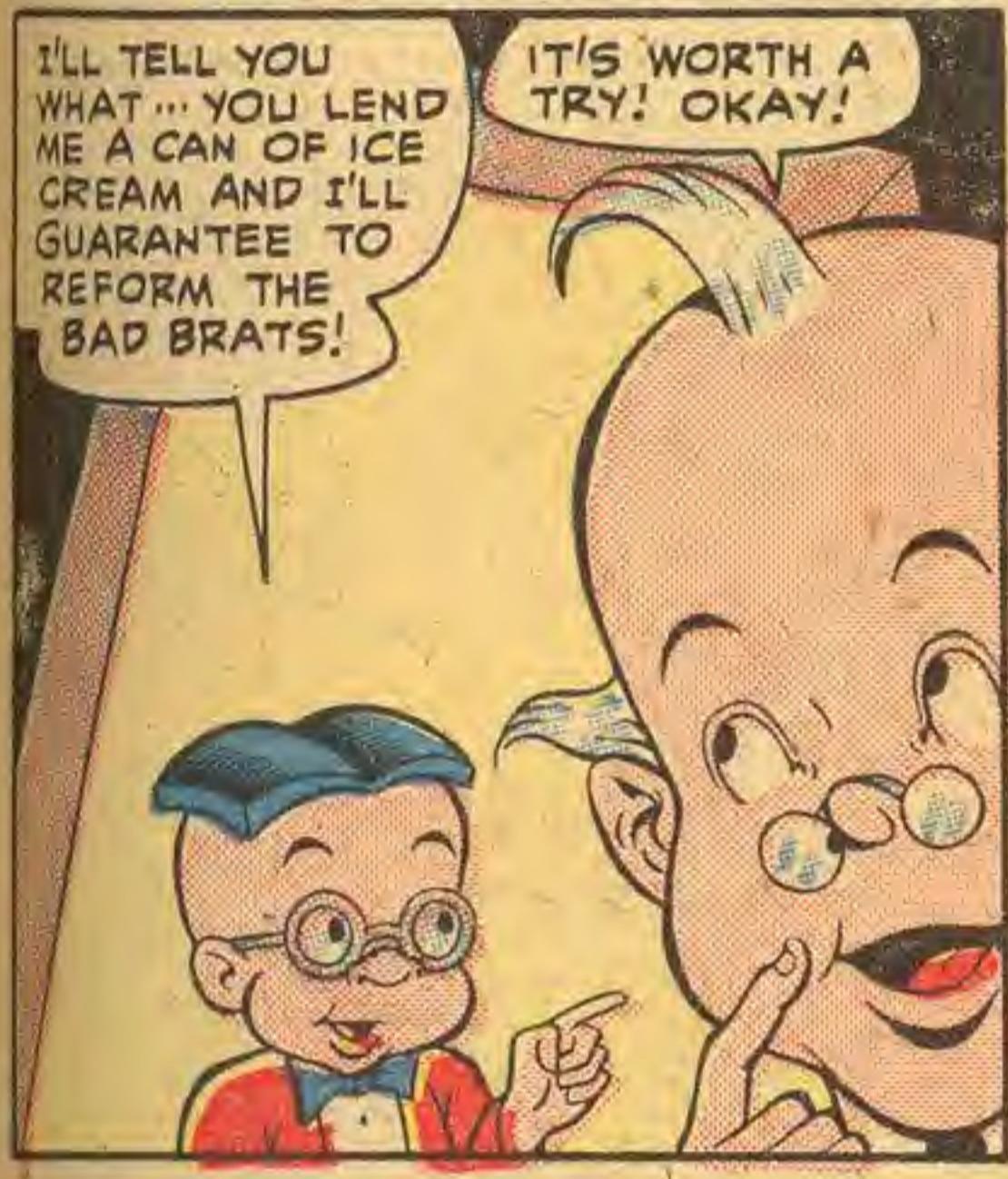
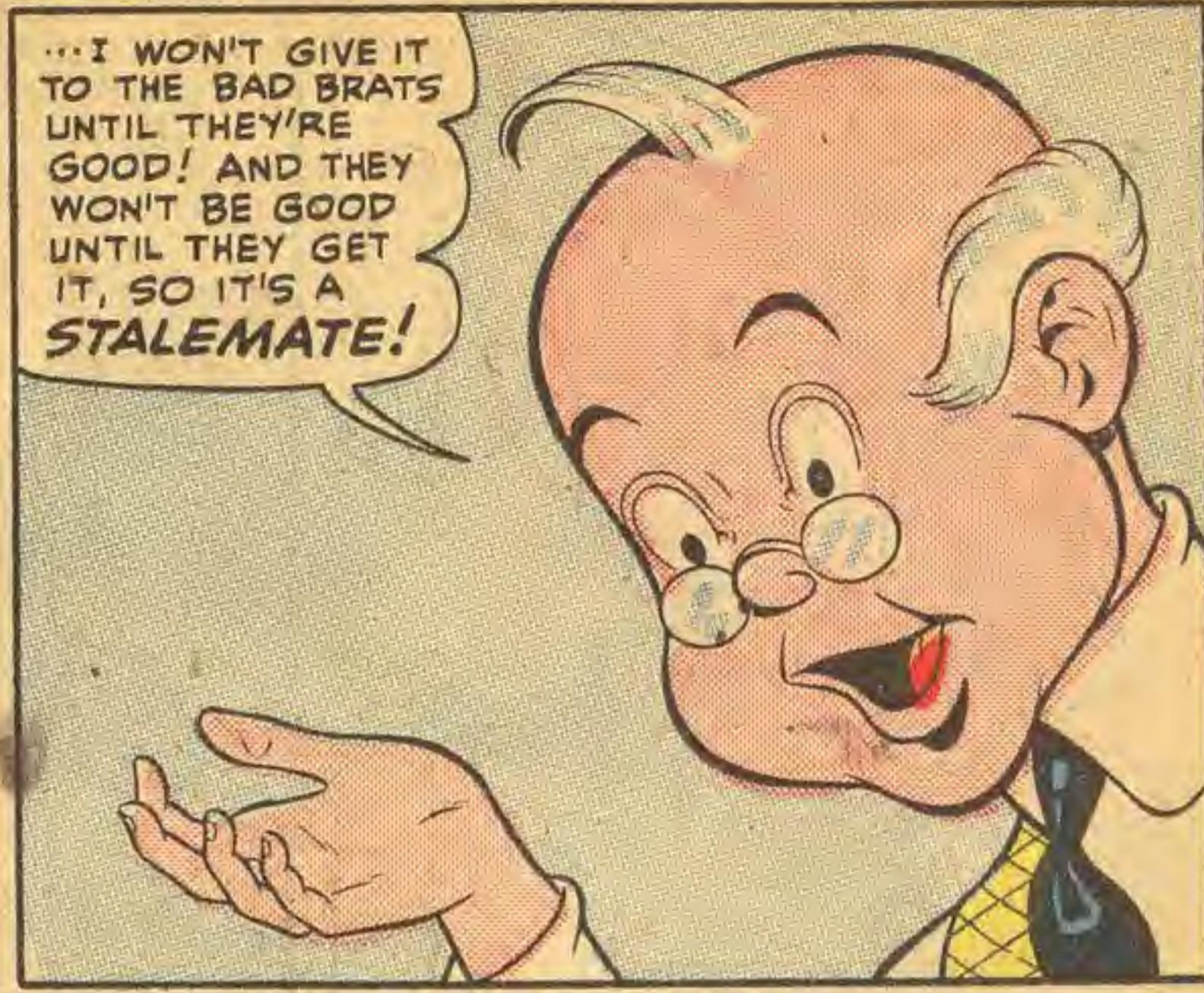
HE HOLDS THE NAUGHTY LAND RECORD FOR WINDOW BREAKING, BUT HE USES THE OLD-FASHIONED SLING SHOT METHOD!



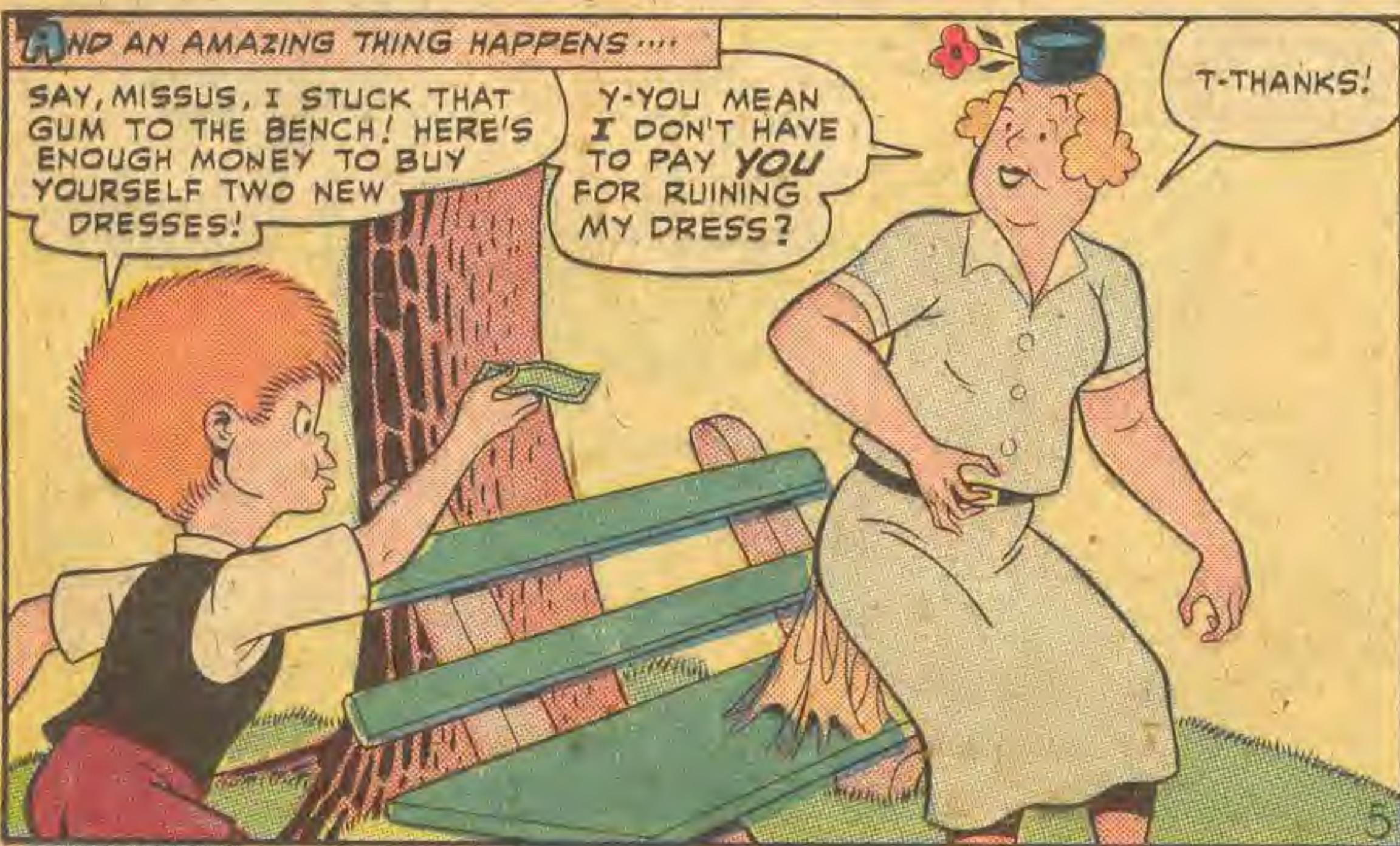
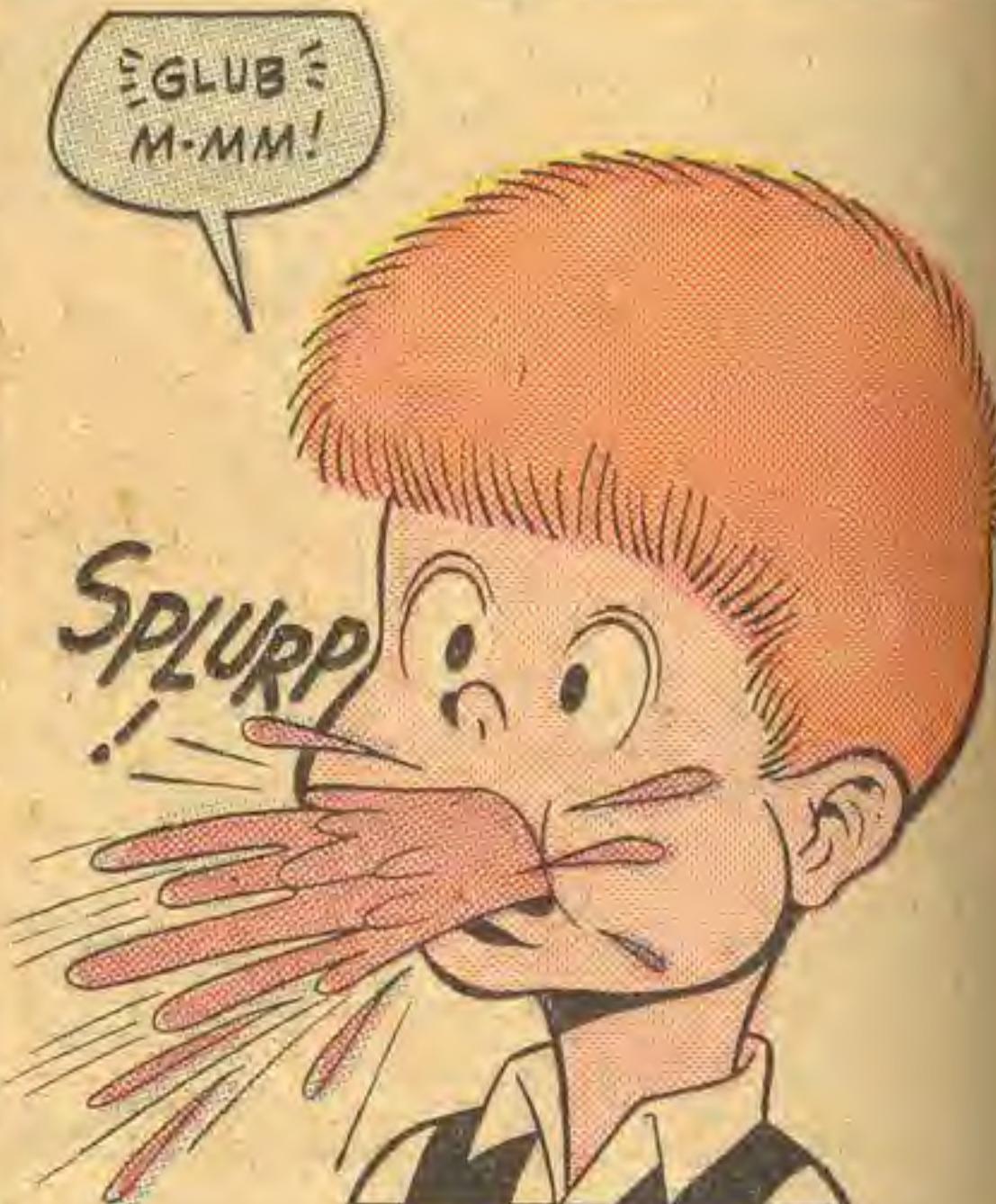
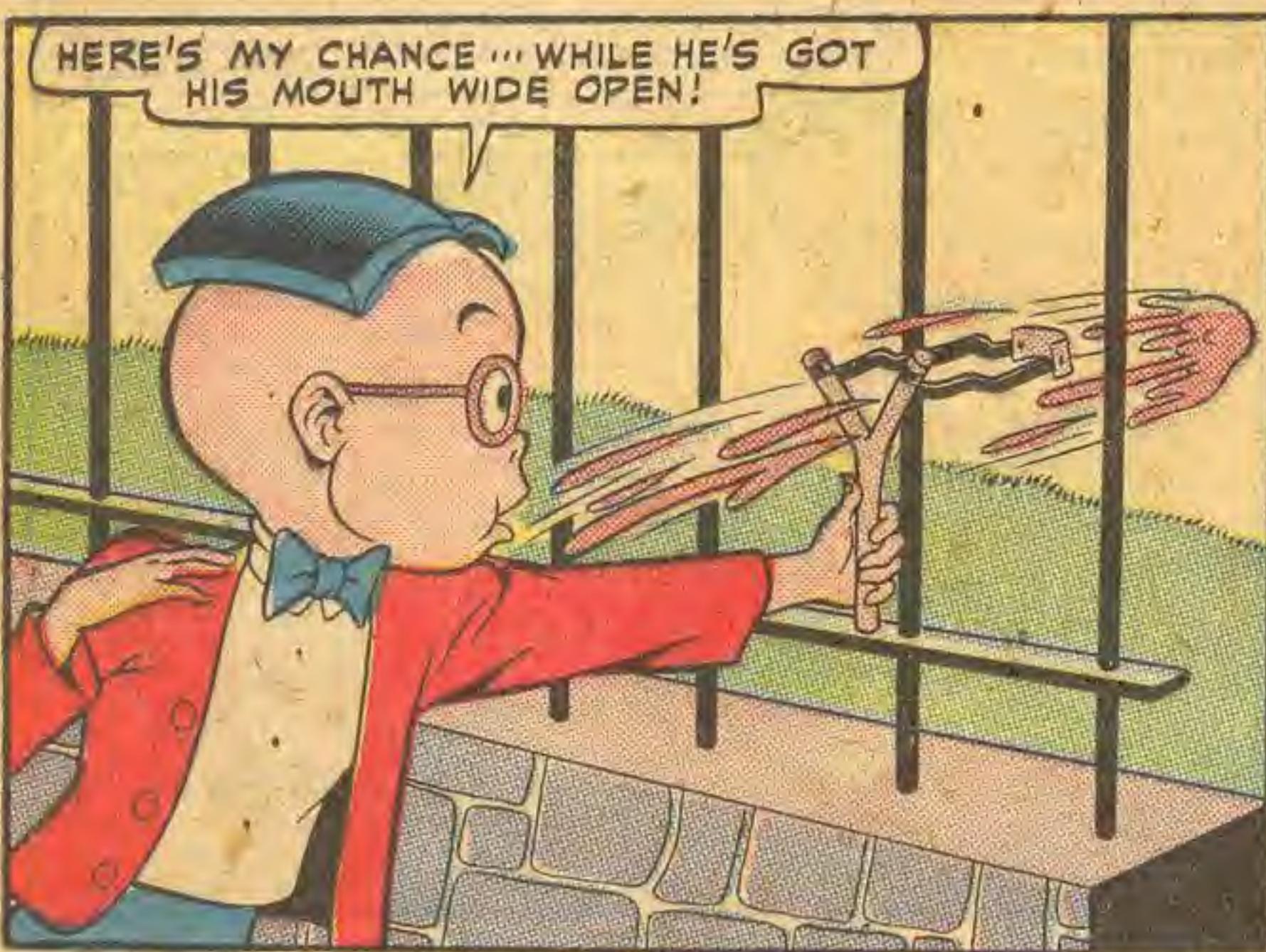
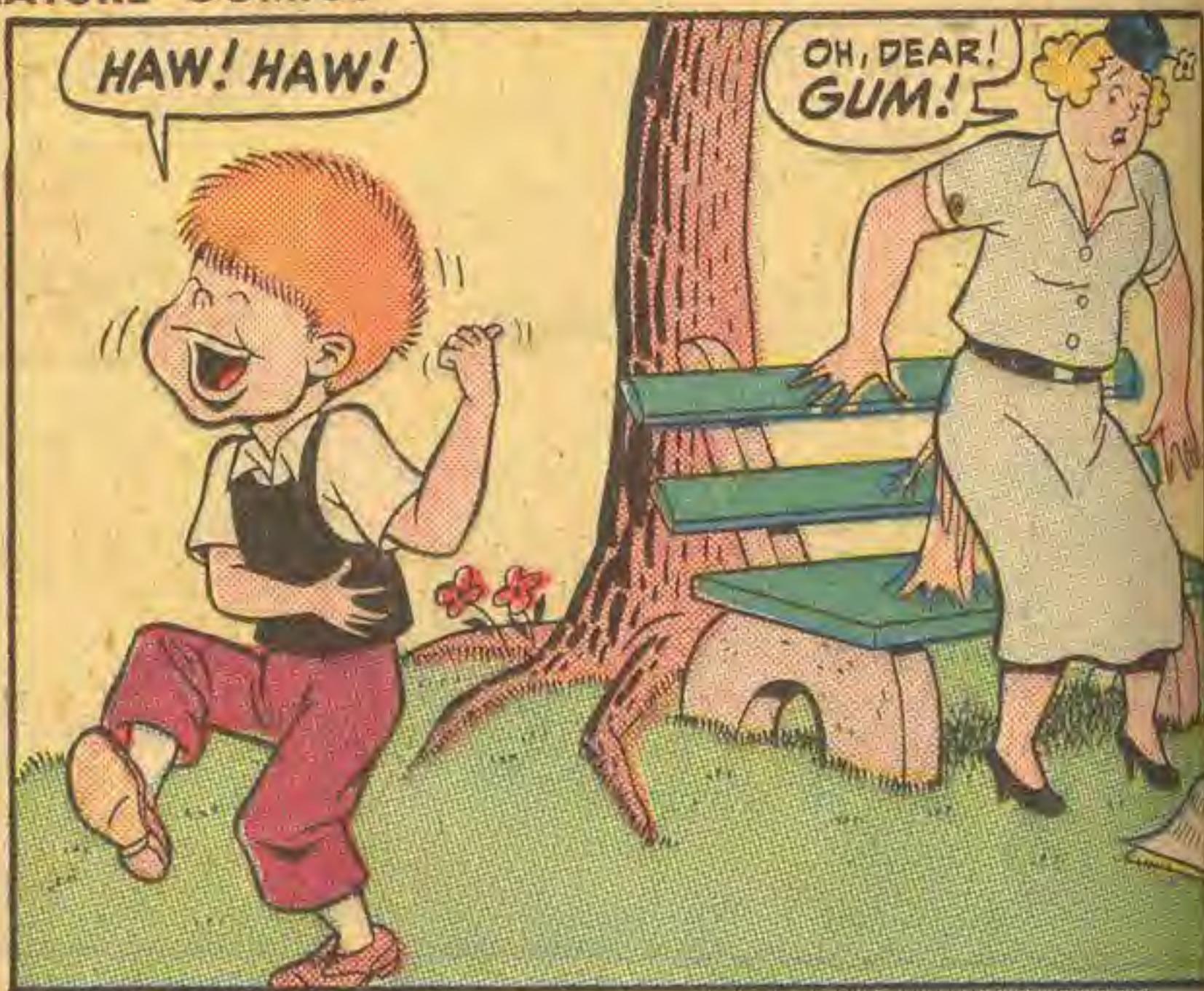
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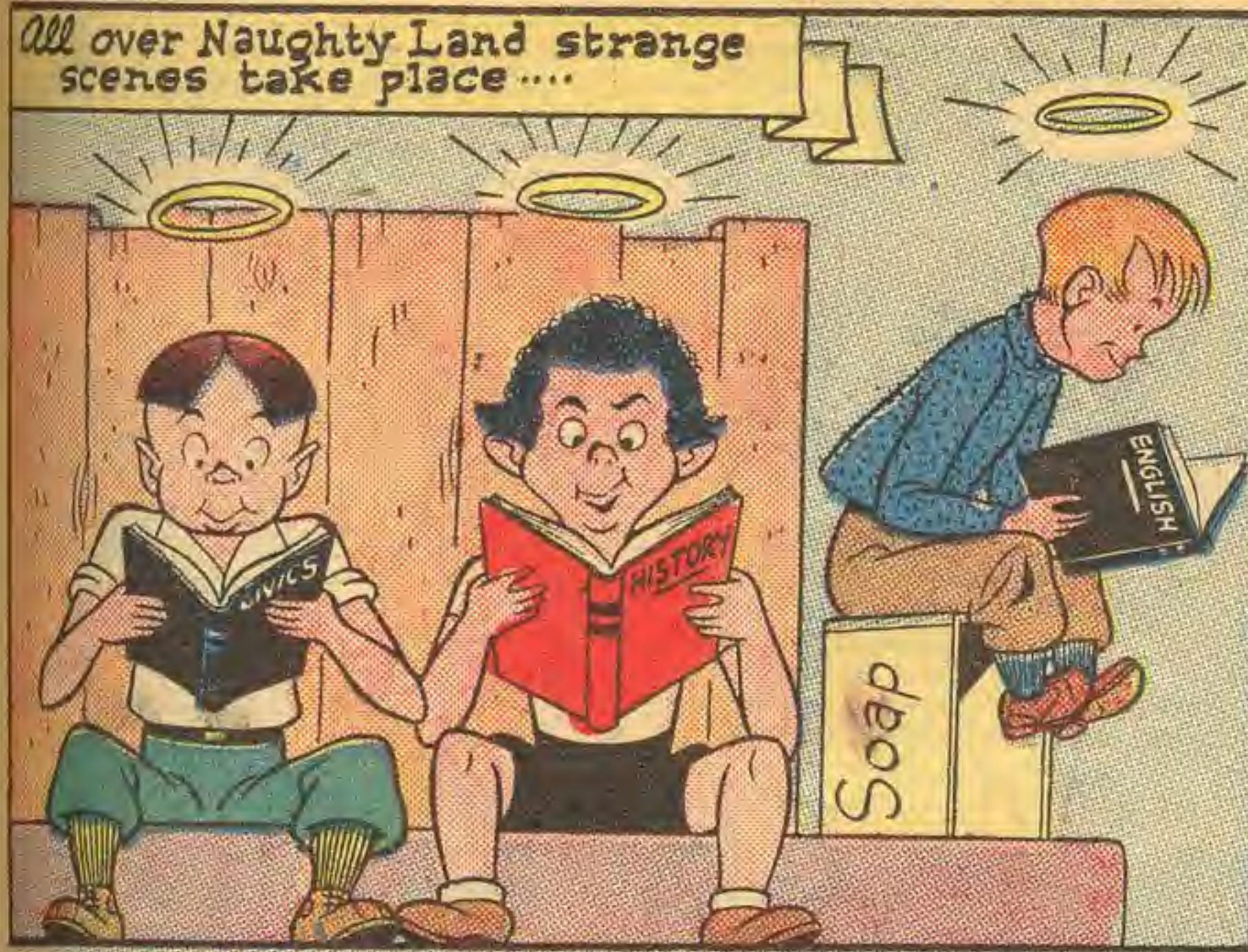
FEATURE COMICS



Word spreads rapidly that the chief brat has tasted ice cream and is now a good boy....

FEATURE COMICS

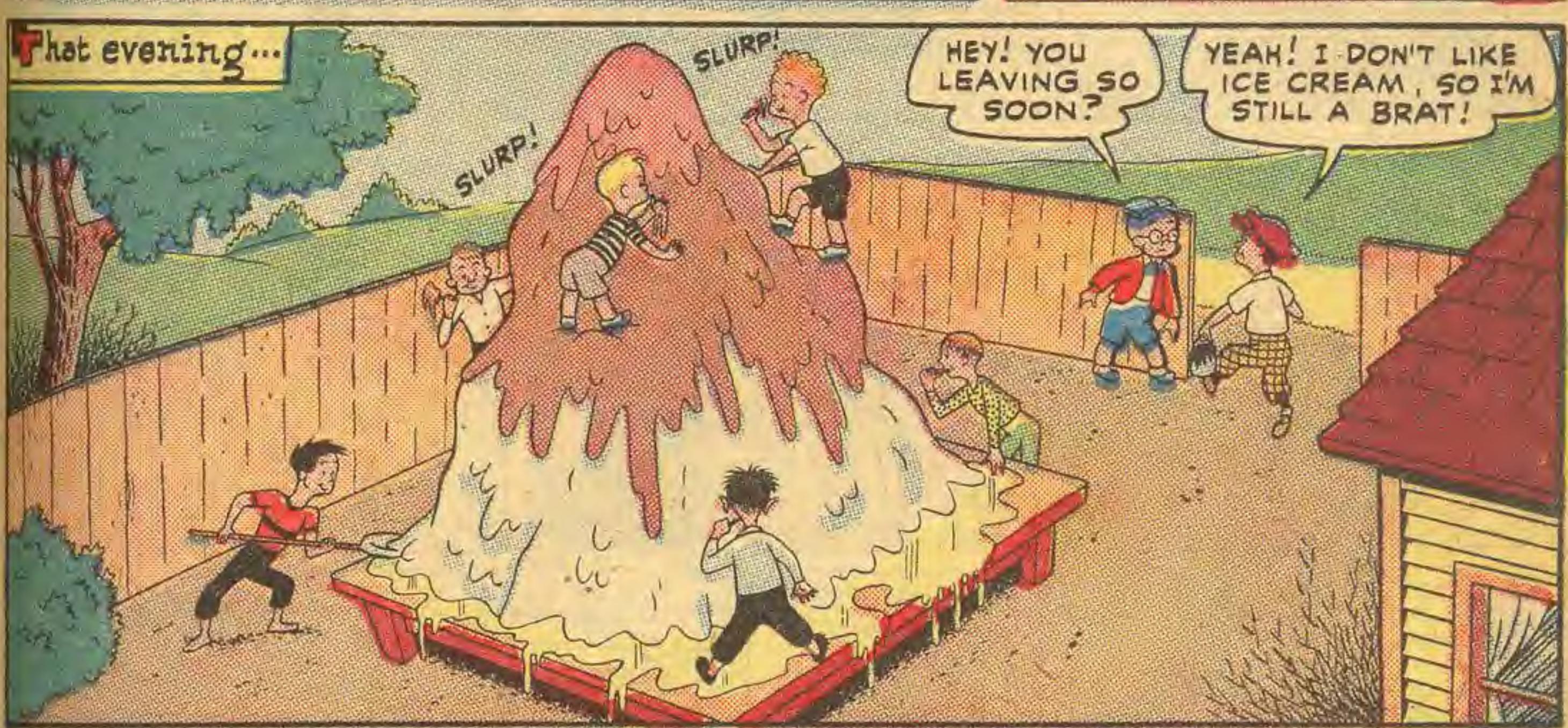
All over Naughty Land strange scenes take place....



I BETTER POST THIS BEFORE THEY LOSE INTEREST!



That evening...



I'M DISGUSTED WITH THIS PLACE, SO I'M GIVING IT THE NAME IT DESERVES!

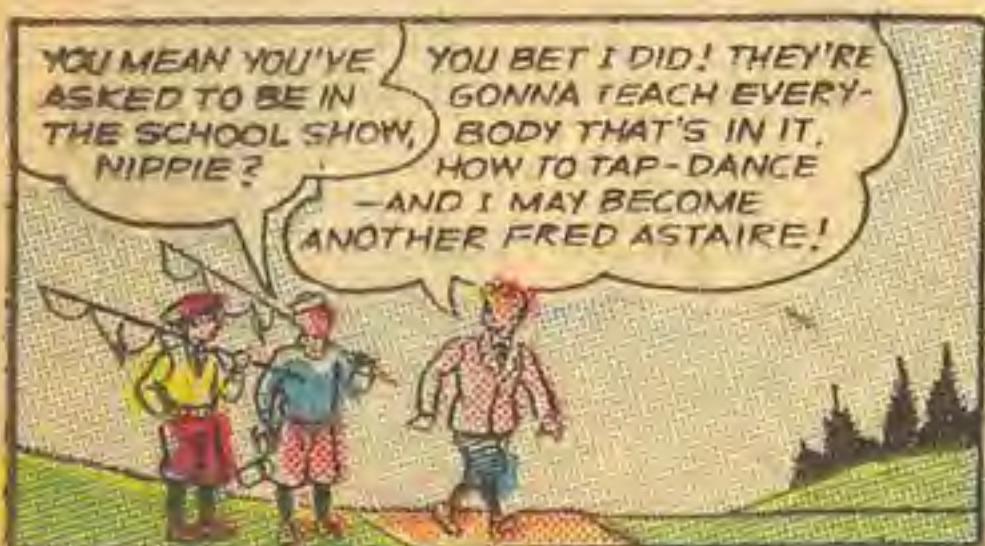
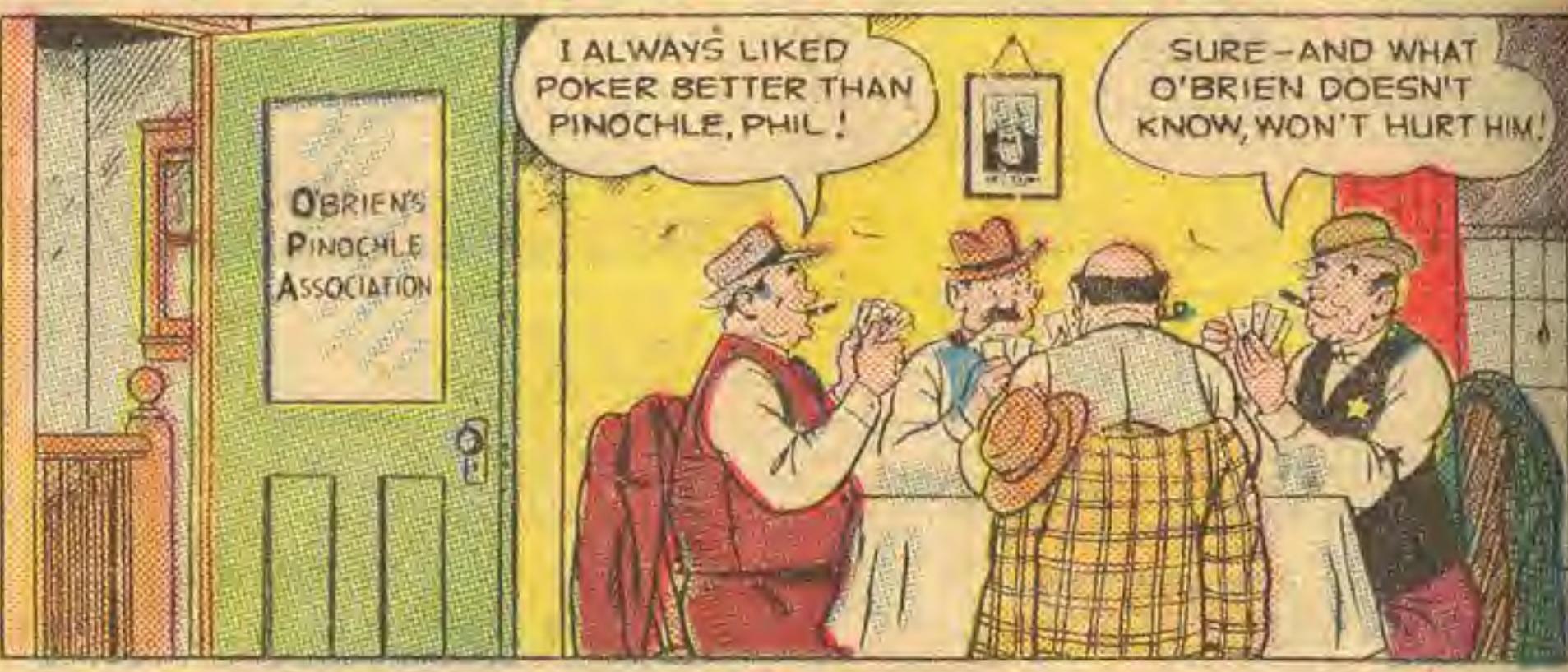
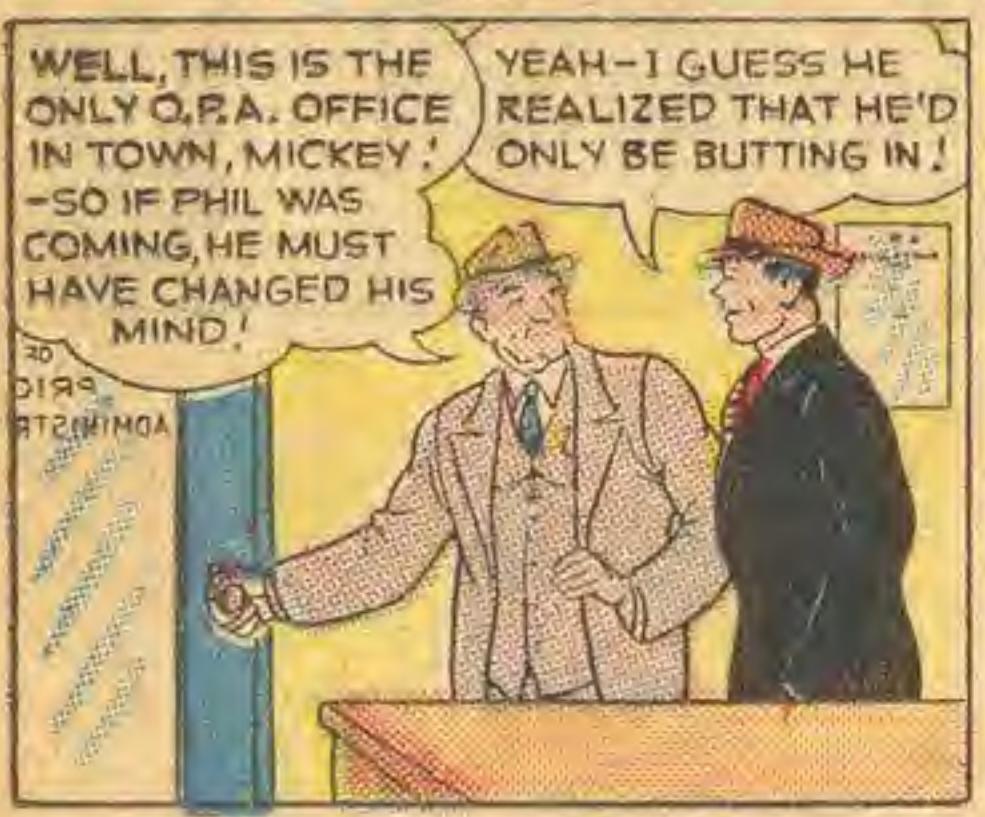
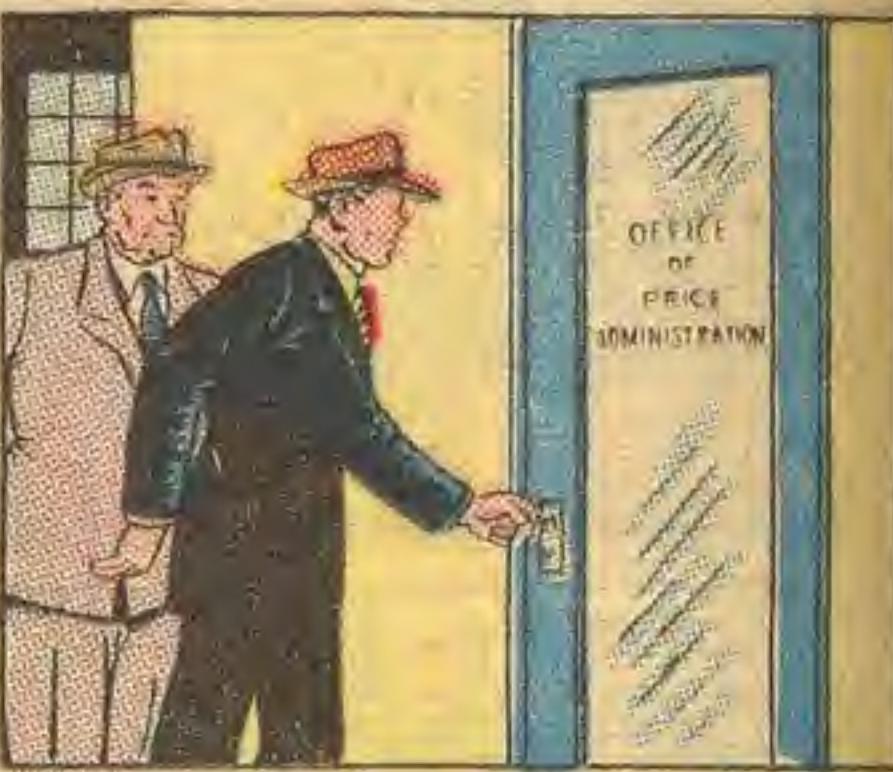
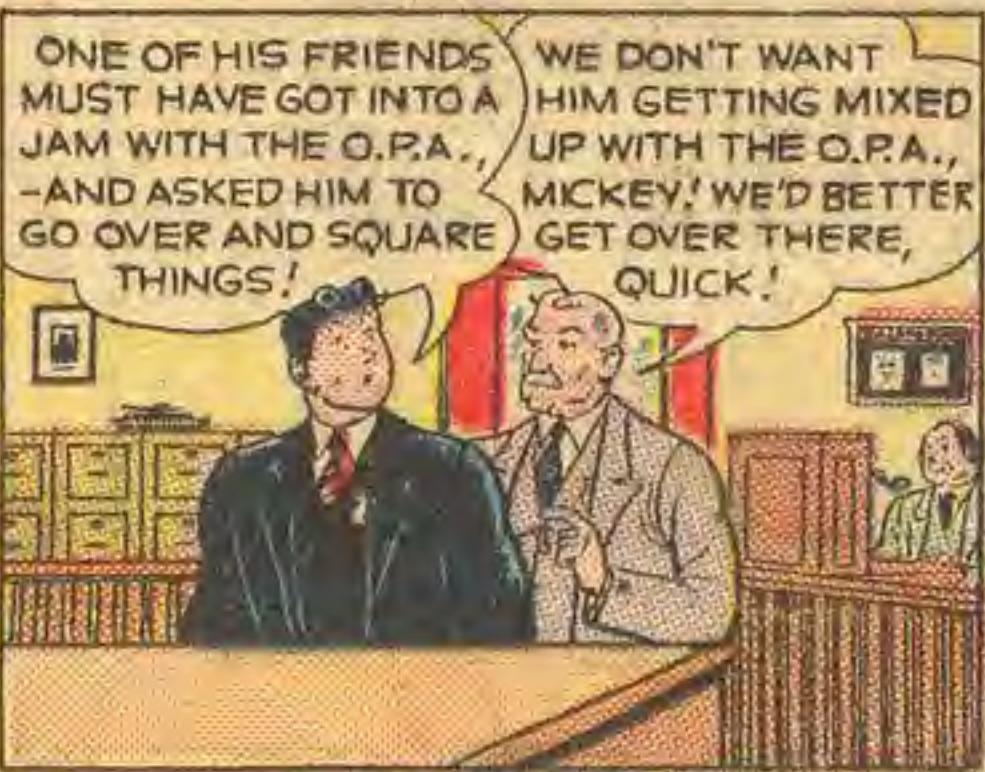
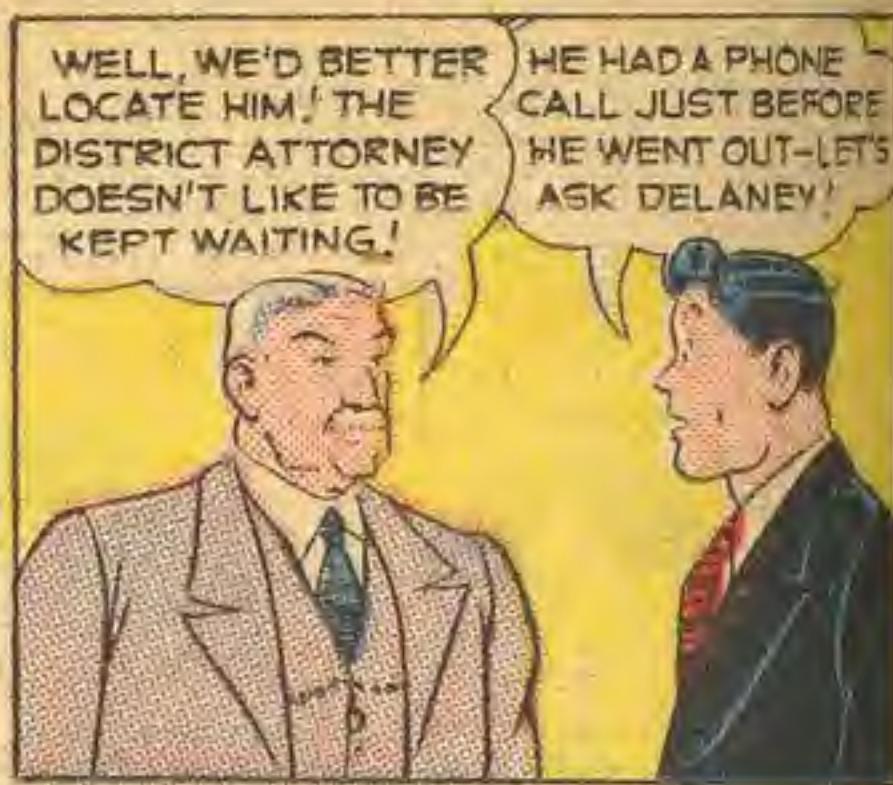
OH, I GUESS YOU CAN'T PLEASE EVERYBODY!

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING
NAUGHTY SISSY LAND

WELL, I'M OFF AGAIN! SEE YOU LATER!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

YES - HE COULDN'T PAY THE MORTGAGE - AND MR. SWEENEY WANTS TO PUT A NEW BUILDING ON THAT CORNER... LIKE THIS - AND HIM WORTH MILLIONS!

WHAT A PHONY THAT SWEENEY IS! PRESIDENT OF THE UPLIFT SOCIETY AND DOIN' A THING



YOU CAN'T SEE MR. SWEENEY WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT!

HE'LL SEE ME - JUST TELL HIM IT'S SHERIFF FINN! I'M HERE ABOUT THE WADE FORECLOSING.

YOU'VE CERTAINLY COME A LONG WAY, PAT - AND HOW IS YOUR WIFE, NELLIE? IT ONLY SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY THAT SHE WAS SLINGIN' HASH IN DUFFY'S DINER!

WELL - AH - SHE'S VERY WELL, PHIL!



OH, SURE - I EVEN PLAY GOLF WITH A LOT OF YOUR FRIENDS NOW!

Y - YOU DO?

I'LL SAY I DO! EVERY WEEK! AND BOY-O-BOY THE THINGS I COULD TELL 'EM ABOUT YOU - WHEN YOU WERE STILL CARRYING A HOD!



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



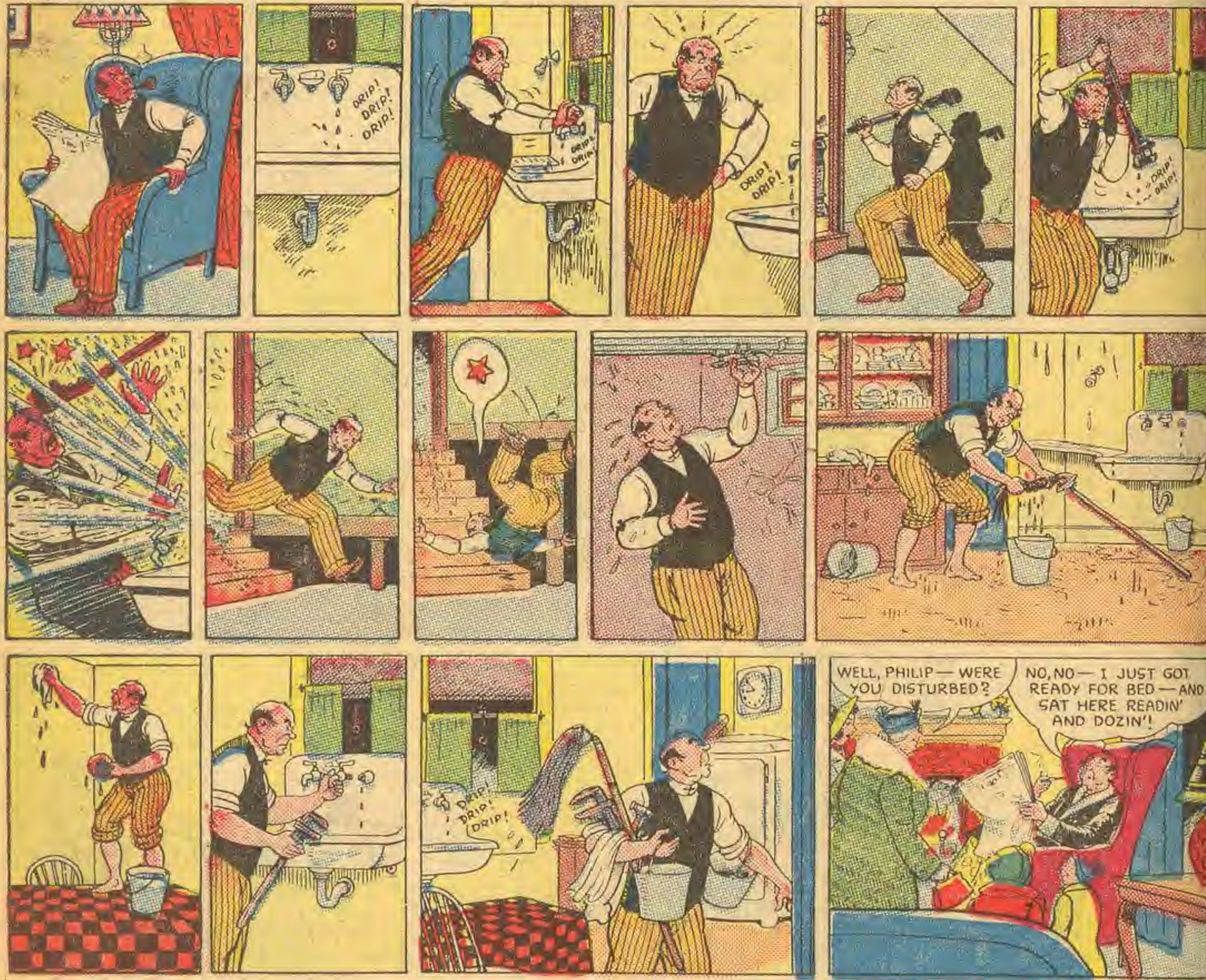
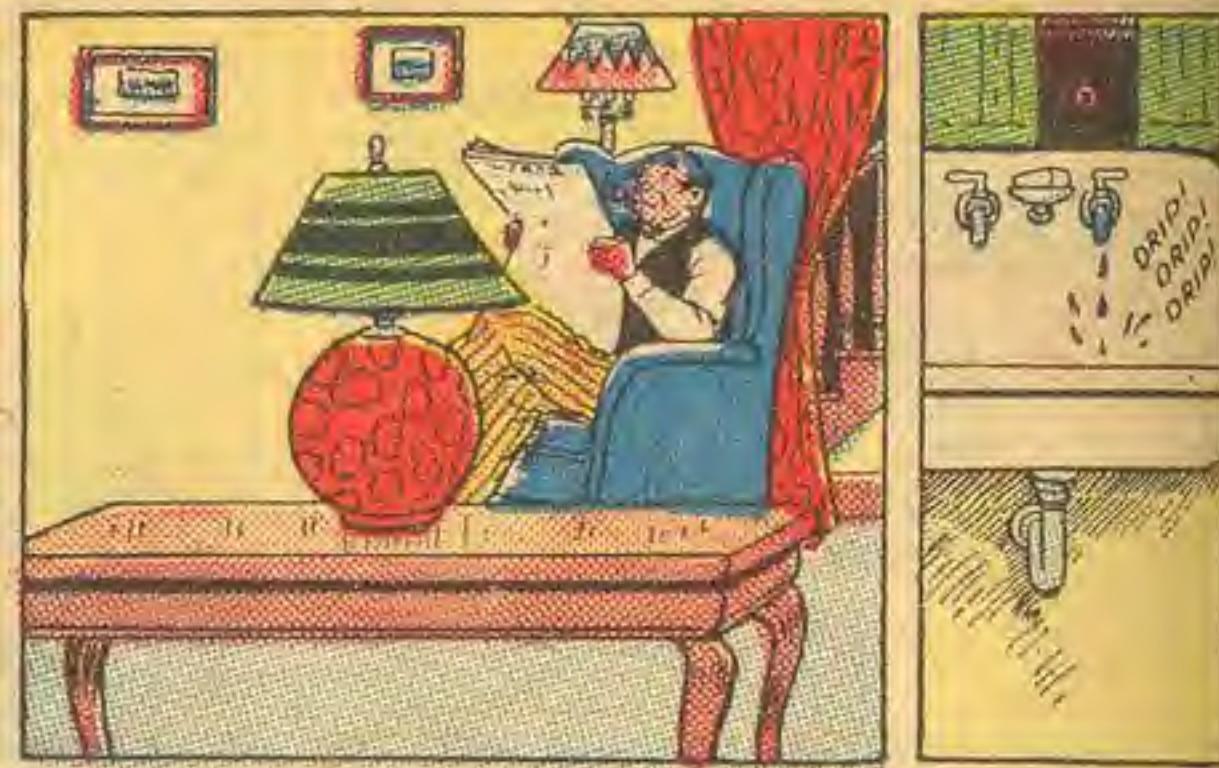
FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

WE'RE GOING TO
THE FIRST SHOW
BE HOME BY
NINE O'CLOCK!

OKAY! A
NICE QUIET
EVENING
ALONE WILL
DO ME GOOD!



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



DEATH in the temple

NO ONE will believe this story; it's too outlandish, too impossible. But I'm going to tell it anyway, let the chips fall where they may.

It happened in Yucatan about seven years ago. Perry Scott and I, with a party of some six young college archaeologists from Mandrake, went to Yucatan to check up on a weird story brought to civilization by the late Prof. Sieler of Paris.

We arrived in Yucatan on the evening of May 23, 1939. Our destination from the coast was exactly 300 miles south and west, in a part of that strange Mayan land seldom seen by white men.

Have you ever been to Yucatan? It's the real land of mystery on the American continent, let me tell you! It is a land of surprises, a land of ancient pyramids of immense antiquity, of strange mounds and jungle-hidden ruins, of temples so old that time itself has forgotten.

* It is a land of murder, too!

For hauling our cargo, we had a tiny truck rather comparable to a modern jeep. It was a high-powered four-wheel-drive truck that could go almost straight up, through water that covered its hood, and was so insulated from dampness, wet and heat that it gave little trouble in any clime. We had had it specially built at the college.

It was now packed with a great assortment of gear, including cameras, food, sleeping equipment, and digging tools. We were left to carry only small packs, which was a blessing. You start lugging heavy packs in that deep jungle, with its steaming heat, and you're a dead pigeon in no time.

We were all given shots for fever and other jungle headaches; we had the best equipment that money and ingenuity can supply.

We left the little city on the morning of the 25th, striking due south.

The first few days were the usual hacking and slashing, because there was a sort of road only for about twenty miles south of the city. We kept to this road until it ended, then followed the dim chilero trail for another fifteen miles or so. The chilero trail was carved out, and kept in fair repair, by the native chilero

hunters of the region. Yucatan, you know, is one of the big producers of chicle, which is the latex from the sapota tree—the base of chewing gum.

When this trail ended, we were in deep, dark jungle. And now it was every man for himself. We had to leave the little truck at a point about fifty miles from the city, dividing the burden amongst ourselves.

There is no need to tell you of the long, hard trek through the jungle. It was horrible to us but might prove boring to you. It was mostly the same thing day after day—hacking and chopping with machetes, burning brush in places, dodging venomous snakes, and side-stepping occasional ocelots and tigers.

I don't know just when we arrived at our destination—I'd have to check the records and that is too much bother—but at last we were there. A mighty tired bunch we were, all with beards and red eyes, scratched and swollen; an ugly, bandaged crew.

Prof. Hagar was the head of this outfit. He knew what we were about, as did Perry Scott, who was with the party because of his considerable knowledge of this country. Besides, he is a swell chap.

We reached a large clearing late one afternoon. It was an odd clearing in many ways, being entirely treeless and with a growth of deep-green grass looking as if it might have been just cut.

There was a small lake in the middle of the clearing, and standing exactly in the middle of the lake was a mighty temple. At first I thought the temple was built on the bottom of the lake; but later findings proved that an island existed there, and that the lake was nearly 300 feet deep.

This lake was the bluest body of water I ever saw. The temple was composed of some white substance, such as alabaster; built in great blocks. The tower was all of 100 feet high, and topping it was a great golden flower, like an orchid, many of which grow wild in this country.

"Well, gentlemen," said the prof, waving his hand, "there it is—the Temple of Ixtlan, a noble edifice, eh?" Its architecture was of a sort

FEATURE COMICS

never seen by any of us. It was a really lovely bit of building. That golden flower on the tower had me plenty intrigued.

Scott said, "I've heard the legend that yon golden bloom opens at dawn and closes at sunset. We might watch it."

It sounded preposterous, but nevertheless we lined the bank of the lake to watch, it being near to sundown. I don't believe any of us really saw it close, but by dusk that gold flower's petals were all standing straight up—closed.

Prof. Hagar explained his theory: "No doubt the flower is actuated by some hempen device that expands, allowing the petals to fall when the sun's rays heat it, and contract when the dampness of evening falls."

Could be. We didn't question that. But it was a strange thing to see.

The next morning I made a discovery. In the exact tip of the flower was a brilliantly shining jewel, or it resembled a jewel, with its flashing facets of color in the early morning sun. We meant to explore that gem.

In a folding canoe, Prof. Hagar and two of the boys went across the lake and in a moment were inside the temple. They didn't return for more than an hour and when they came back they were bug-eyed with excitement.

"Gold!" cried one of the boys. "Tons of gold! And gems by the basketful! All down in the basement of the temple. Oh, boy!"

The other youth supplied: "And skeletons. At least fifty of them seated around a huge table. Must've been there centuries. I touched one and it collapsed into dust."

Prof. Hagar told us: "It is definitely a sacred temple, piled full of sacred objects. And it is Mayan. I presume those skeletons are old priests."

These were not the things we wanted to hear. "How about the gold and jewels?" someone asked. "Can we get them?"

Perry Scott hadn't said much up to this point. Now he moved closer. "I've known of this temple for several years," he said quietly. "I can assure you that it is one of the most sacred temples in all Mayaland. I'd not disturb the gold and jewels."

He was vociferously shouted down. "Not disturb them? Pooh, Scott, we're gonna go back rich!"

Scott said nothing more, but it was plain

that he was uneasy. He moved off and sat on a case.

I felt something of Scott's uneasiness. I, too, wanted a share of that loot, but if Scott said it was tabu . . .

There was almost fighting in camp that night. Prof. Hagar was against disturbing the stuff, just like Scott. But there was no holding those young hotheads. They'd have their pelf or no!

In the morning there was a long arrow sticking in a packing case and attached to it was a bark strip with strange writing on it. Perry Scott easily read it: "Touch not the sacred temple objects. Go in peace or die!"

"It's Mayan," said Scott. "This is a warning, one I'd heed. There are priests hidden hereabouts. They mean what they say."

"Bosh!" snapped one of the boys. "We're going after that gelt. Come on, guys!"

Four of them piled into the canoe and shot across the lake. They disappeared into the temple.

The sun had come up now, hot and dazzling. Again I saw the gleaming jewel in the widely opened flower. Then I saw a bright flash in the hills to the north. It looked like a heliograph. Scott saw it too, and shook his head. "Wish those crazy guys would get back," he said.

Suddenly there was a grinding, rumbling roar. The great tower rocked, shook, leaned far over and collapsed with a mighty splash into the lake. Where there had been a vast building, there was nothing now but agitated water.

Gone! Those four boys. The warning was true.

"I think I know how it was accomplished," said Scott. "A hemp rope hung down from the top of the tower. There was a thick burning glass in that flower, centered on the rope. That heliograph we saw was a priest in the hills doing a very modern bit of sunburning. When the rope was burned through, it released a keystone in the arch far below, allowing the whole building to crash."

"My gosh!" I said. "They were killed."

"They should have heeded the warning," said Perry Scott.

And that is the story. That little lake is still there, but nobody has been able to find it. Oh, yes, many have tried. Why shouldn't they, with all that gold and gems in the bottom?

If anybody knows where that lake is, Perry Scott is the lad. But I doubt if he'll ever tell.

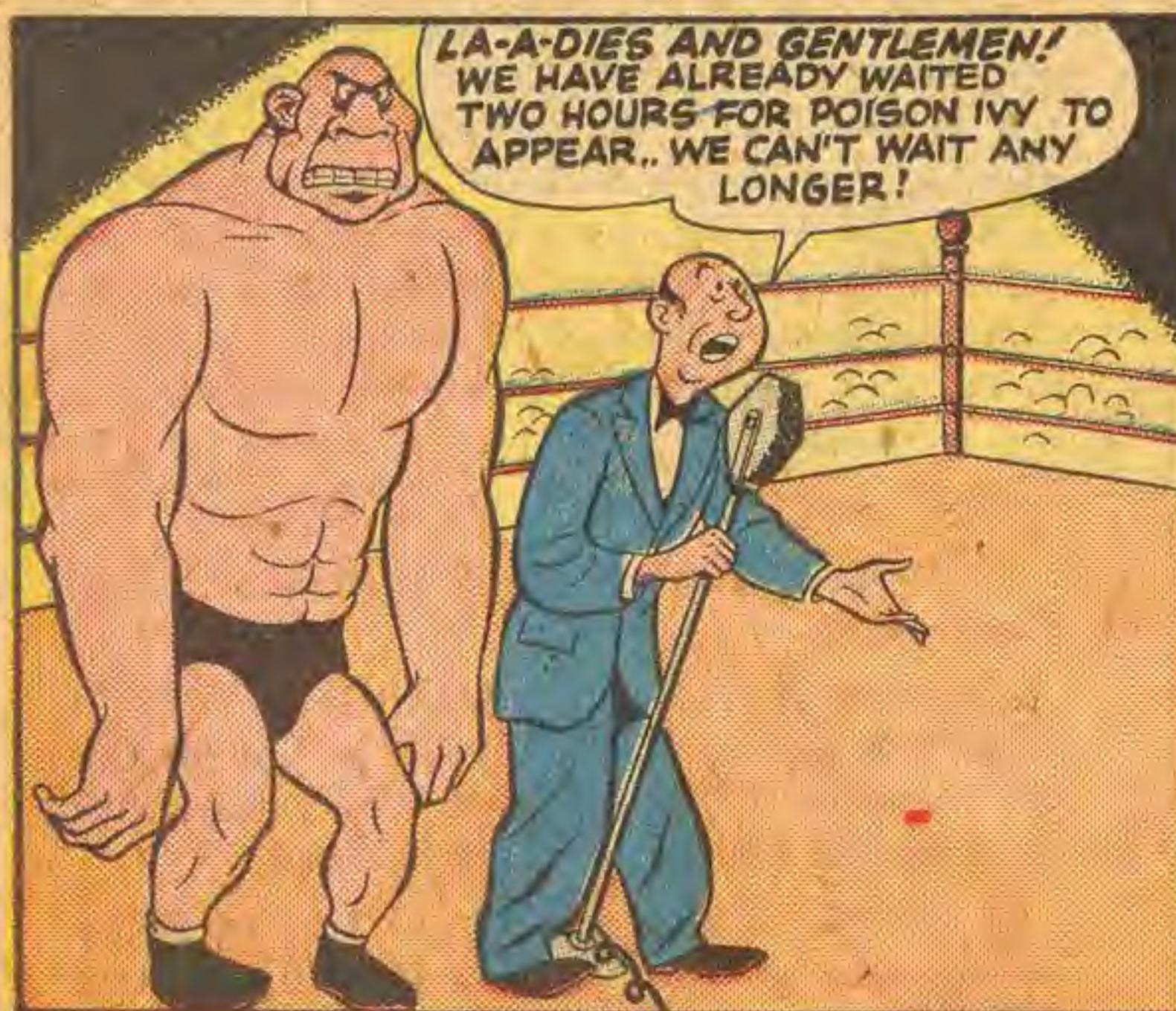
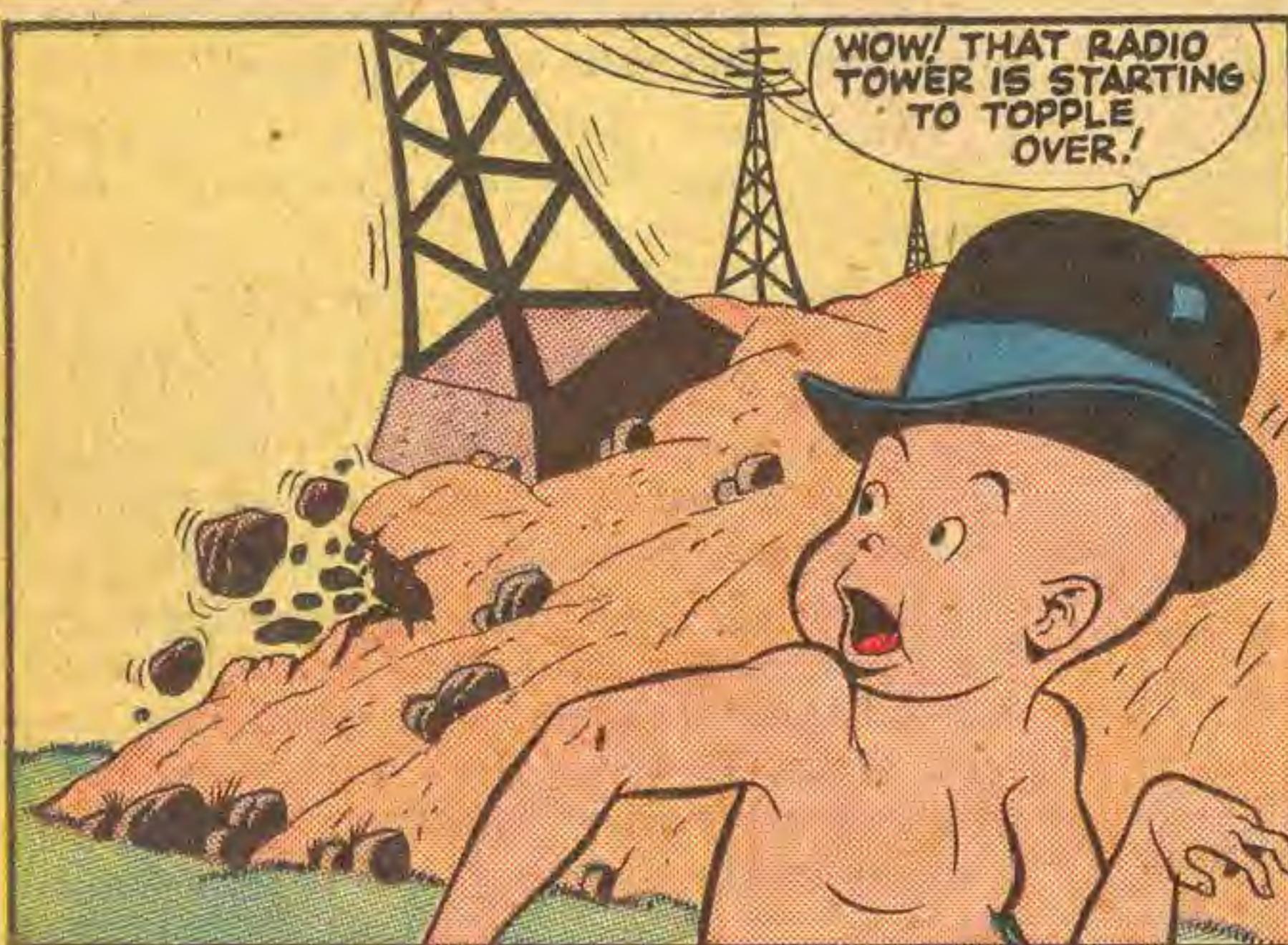
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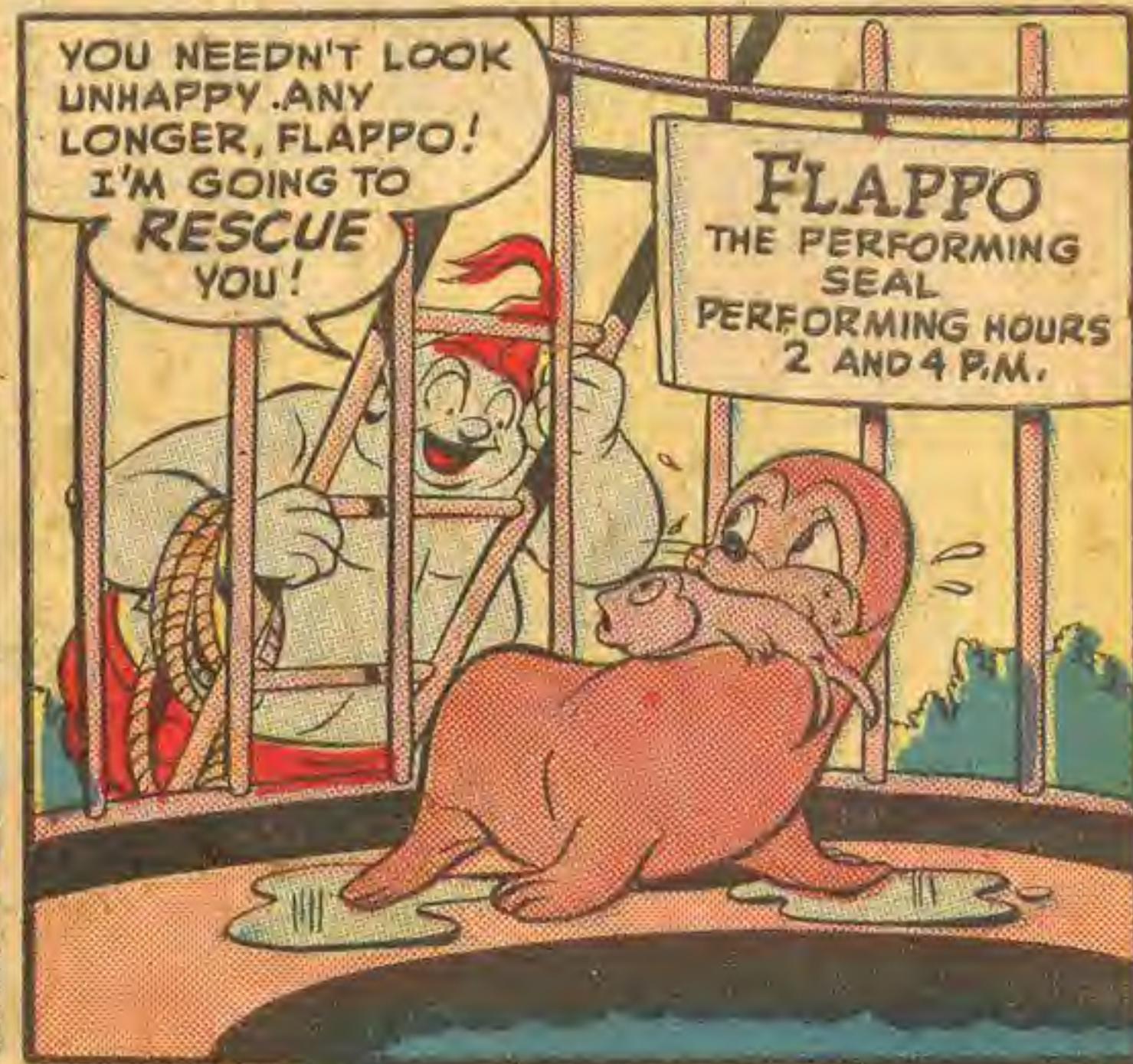
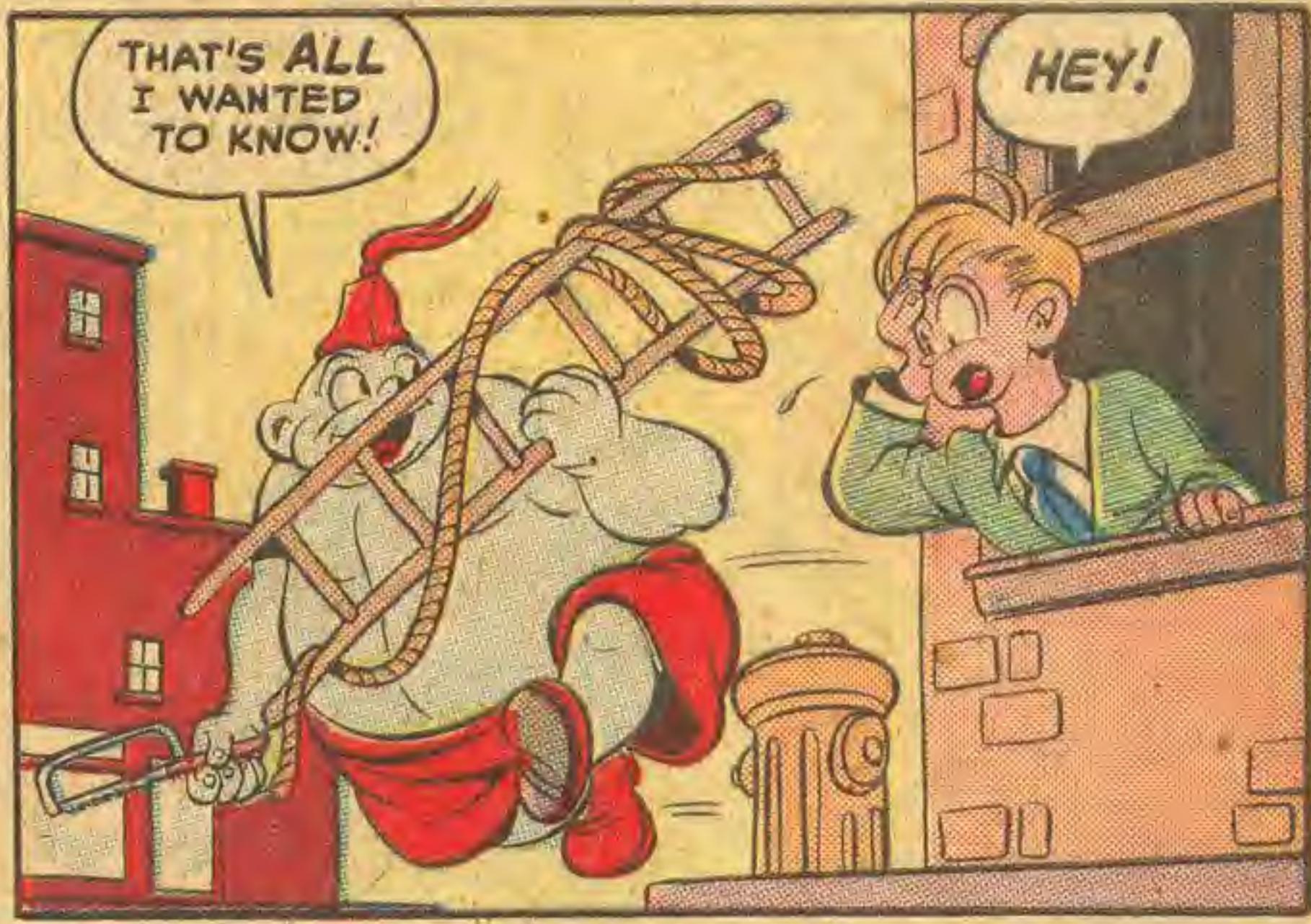
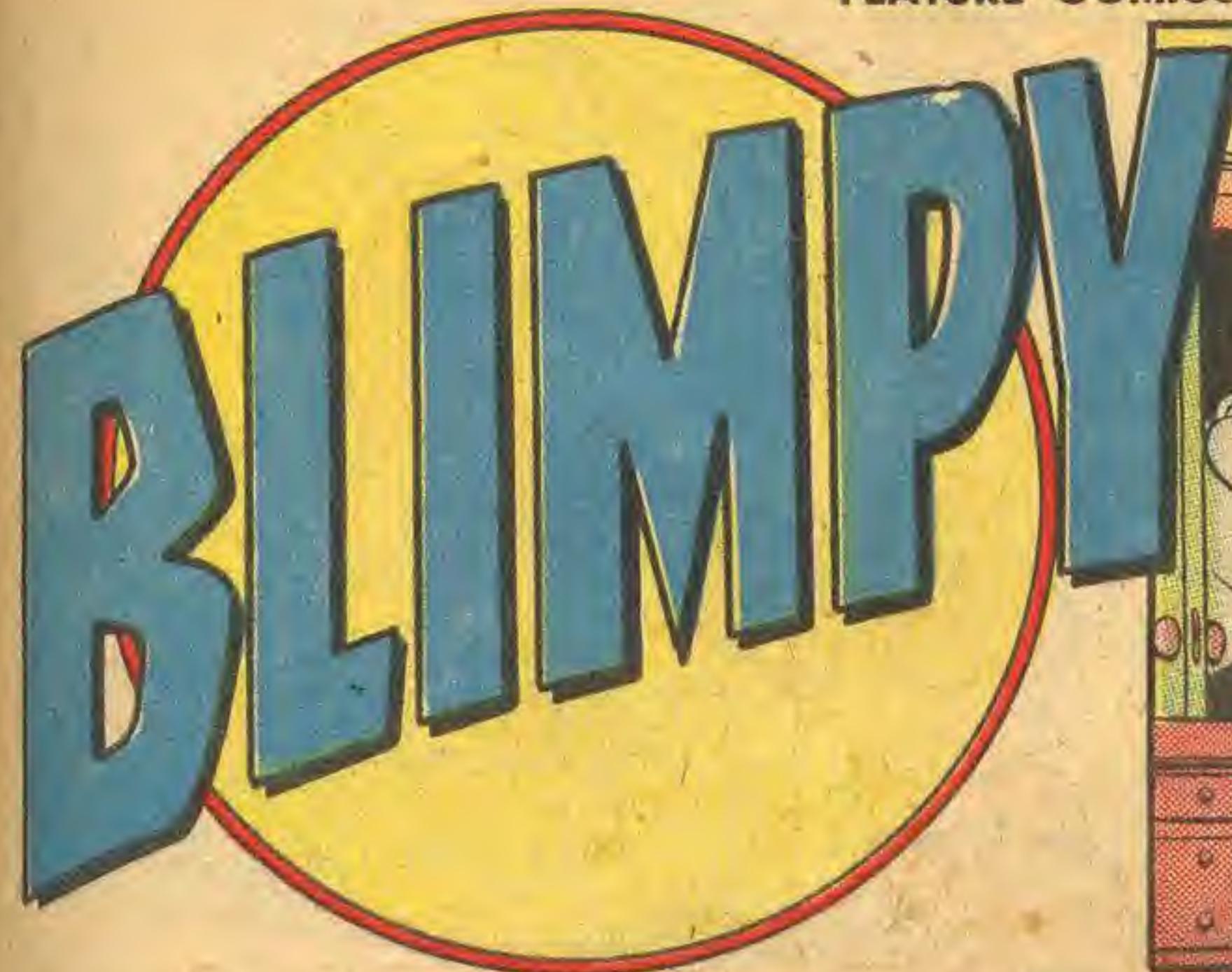
POISON IVY

GOSH! I'M LATE!

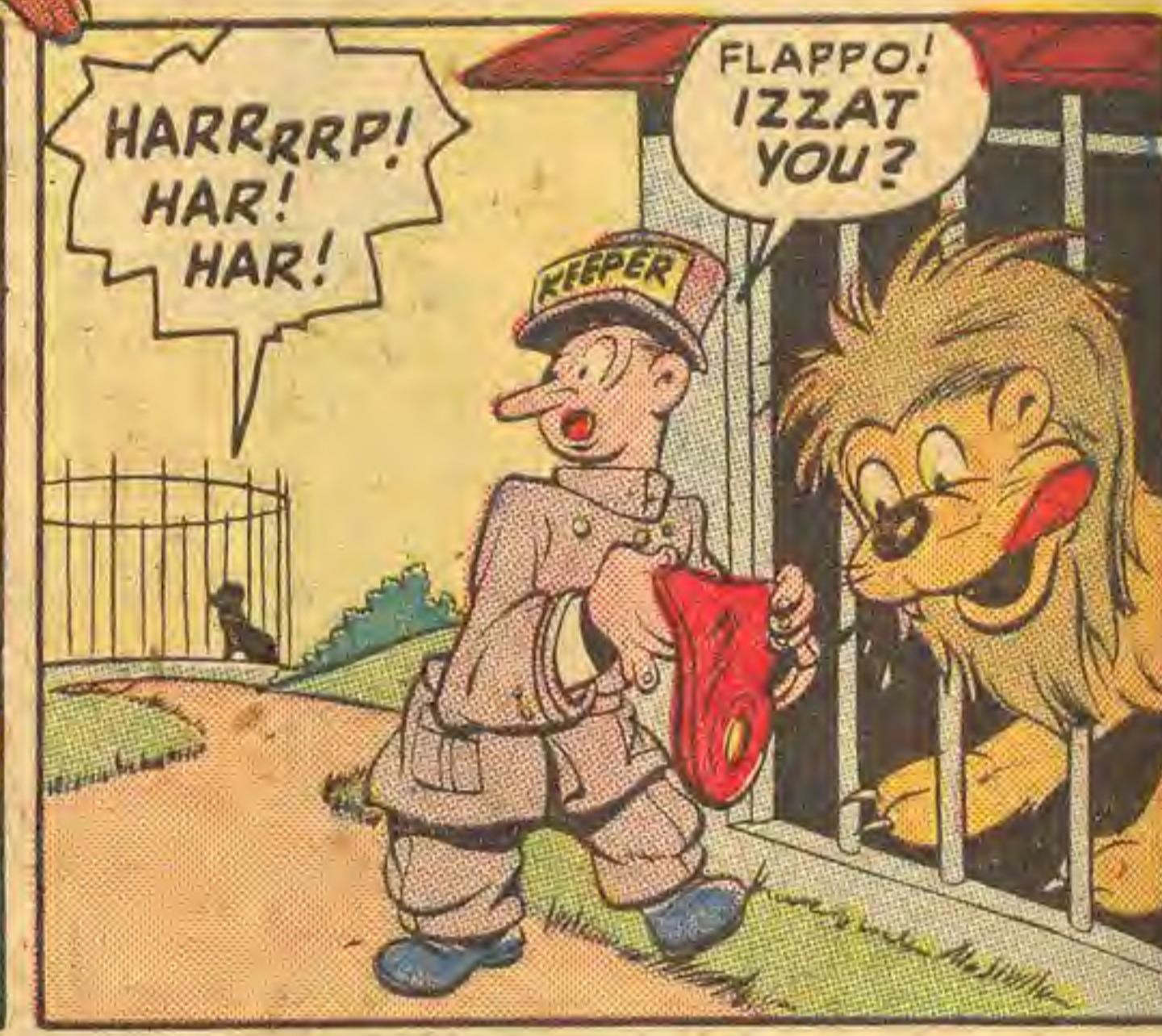
TONIGHT AT STADIUM
POISON IVY
STRONGEST HUMAN
IN THE WORLD
VERSUS
MUSCLEBOY RIPOUTSZKY
EUROPEAN SUPER
HUMAN
IN FIGHT TO DEATH
PROCEEDS OF BOUT TO
BE GIVEN TO AGED
SUPER-STRONG
MEN!

I'M BRINGING THIS PORTABLE
RADIO SO I CAN LISTEN TO THE
BROADCAST OF
THE BOUT
WHILE I
FIGHT IT!

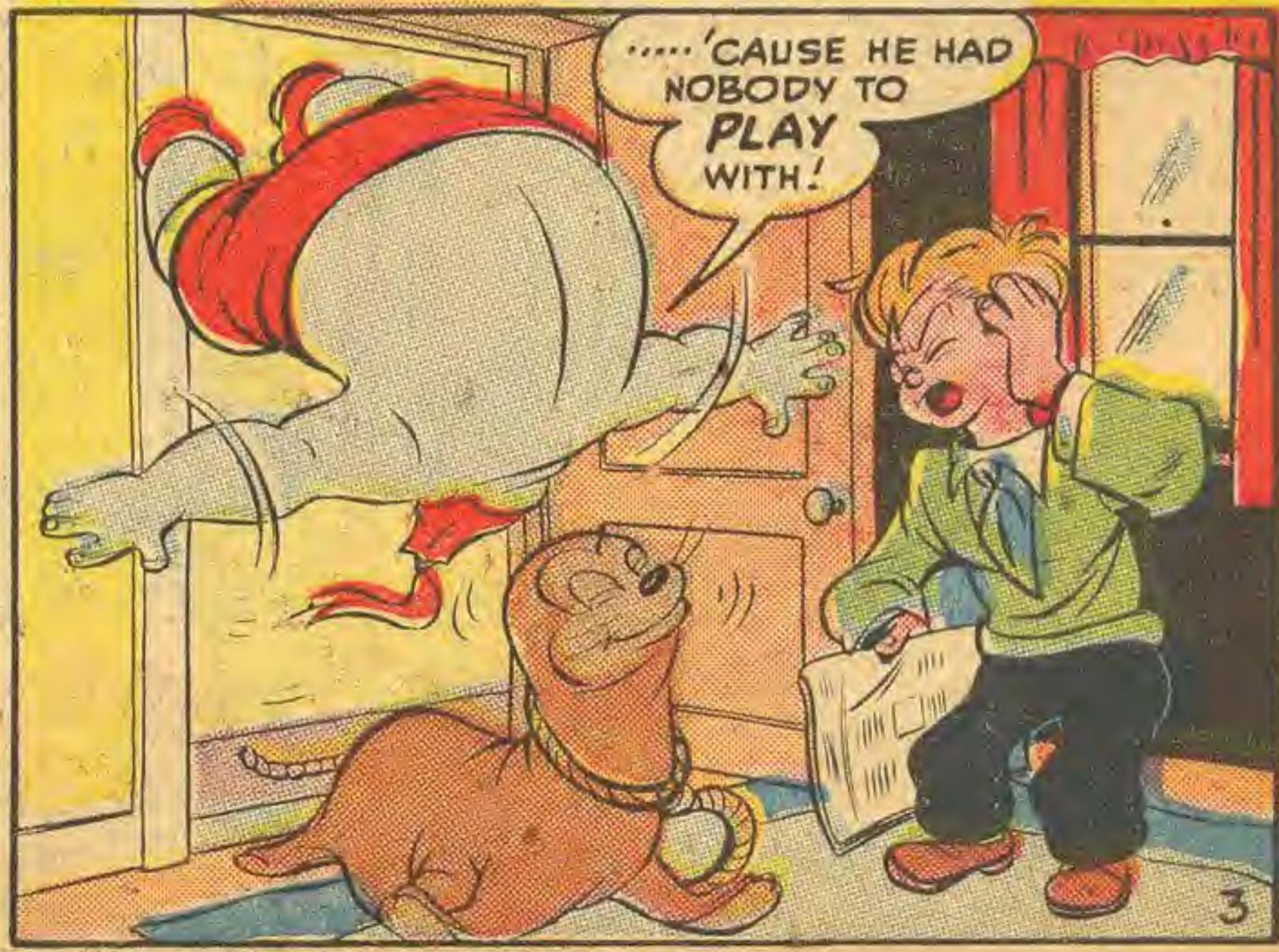
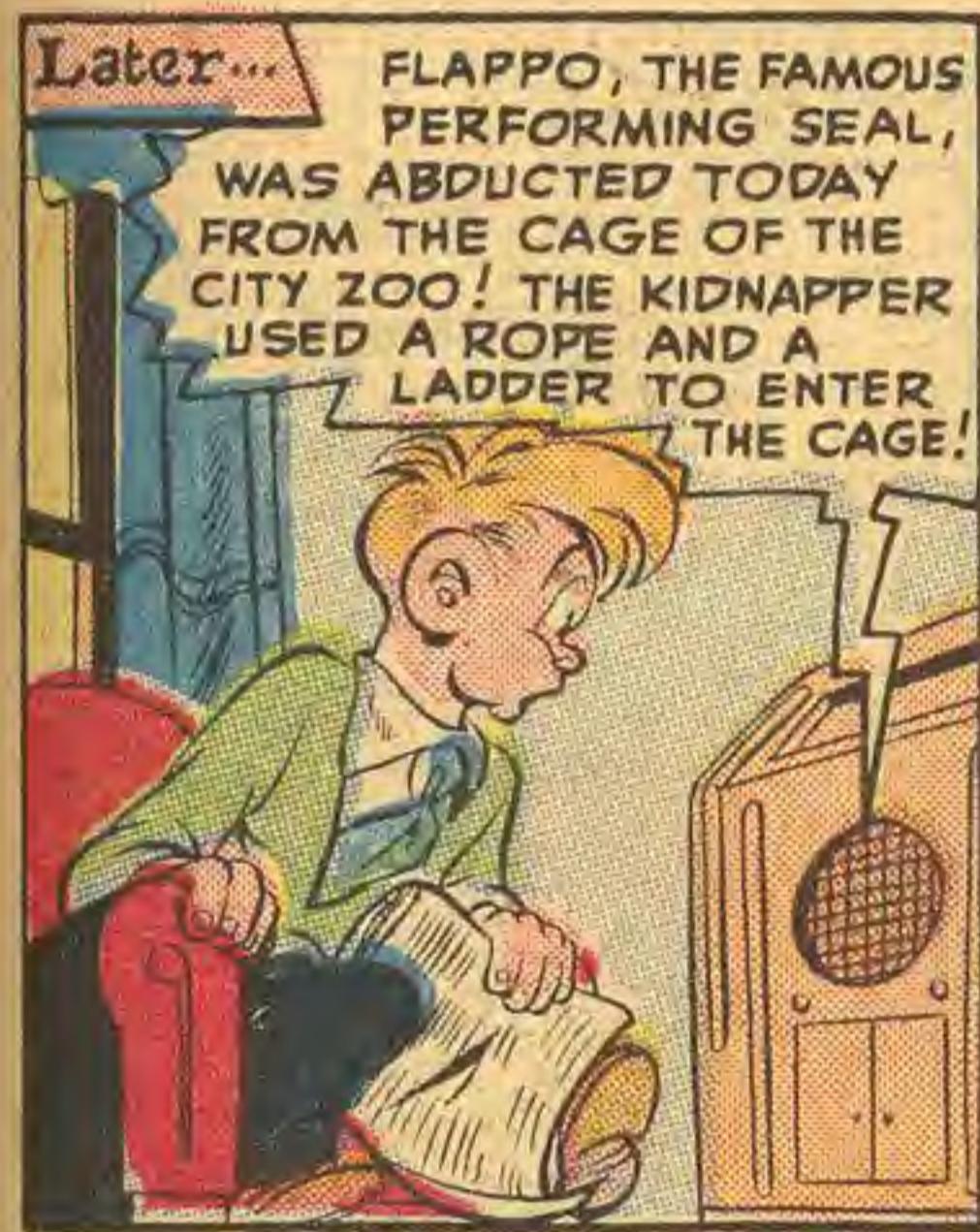




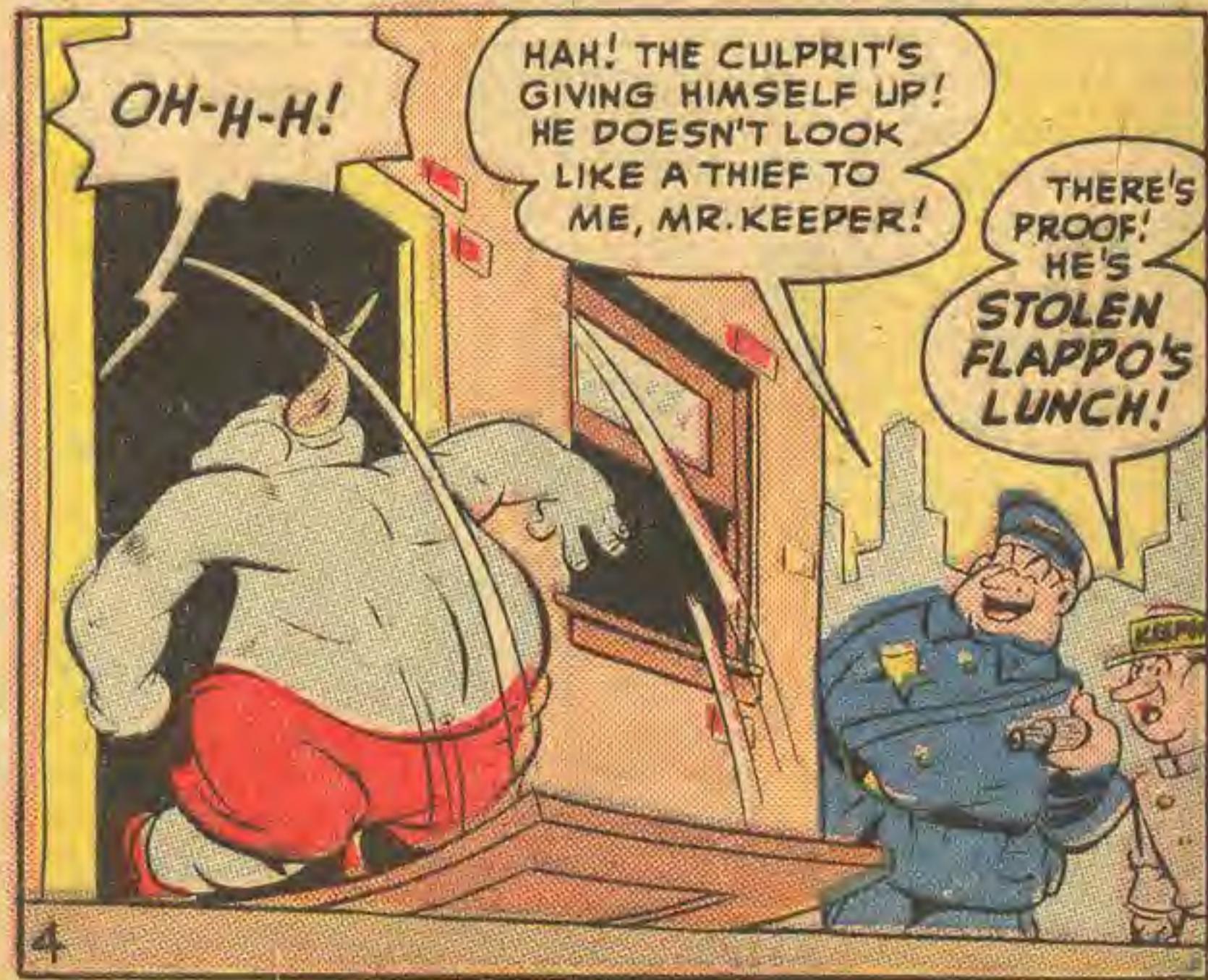
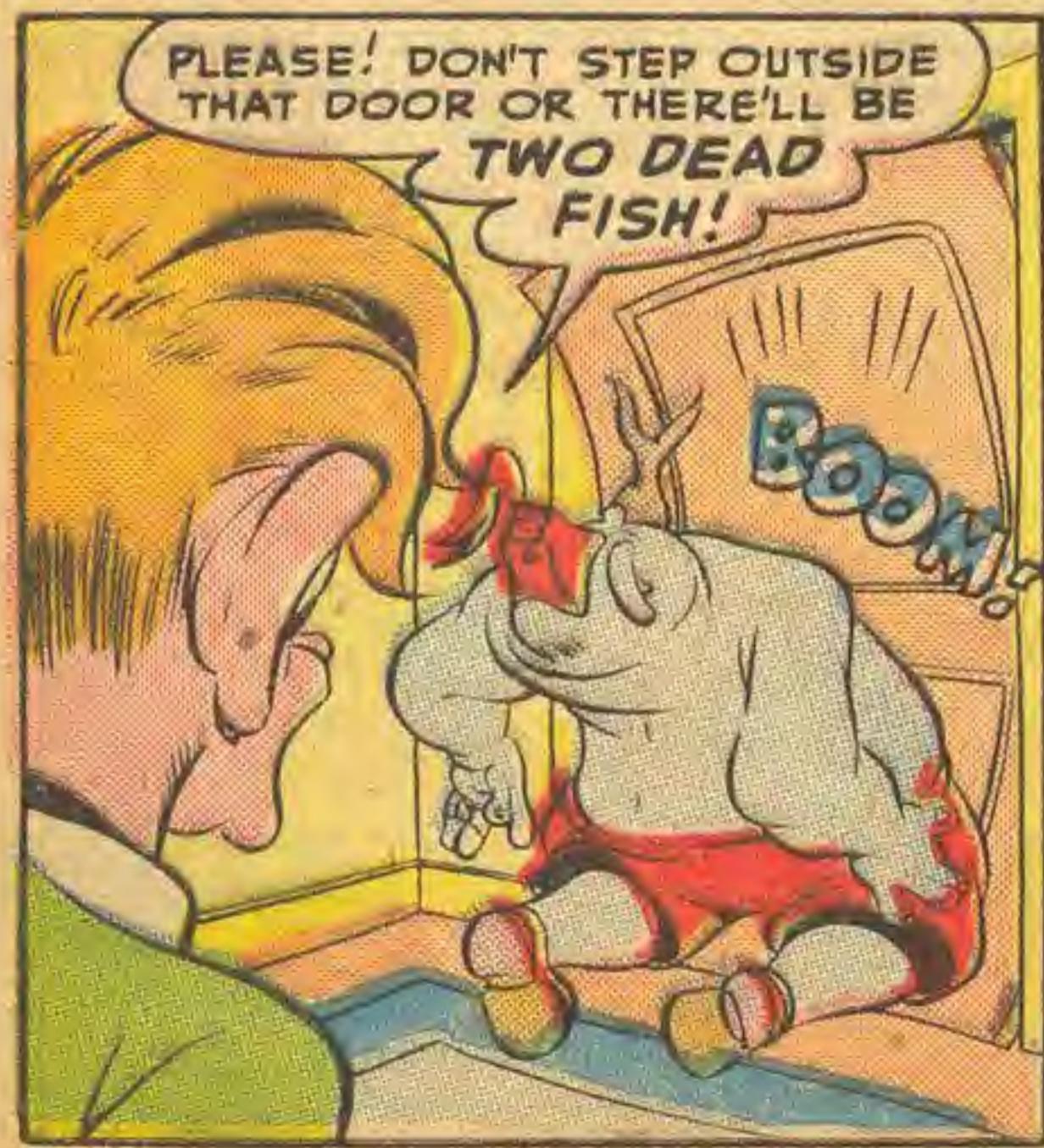
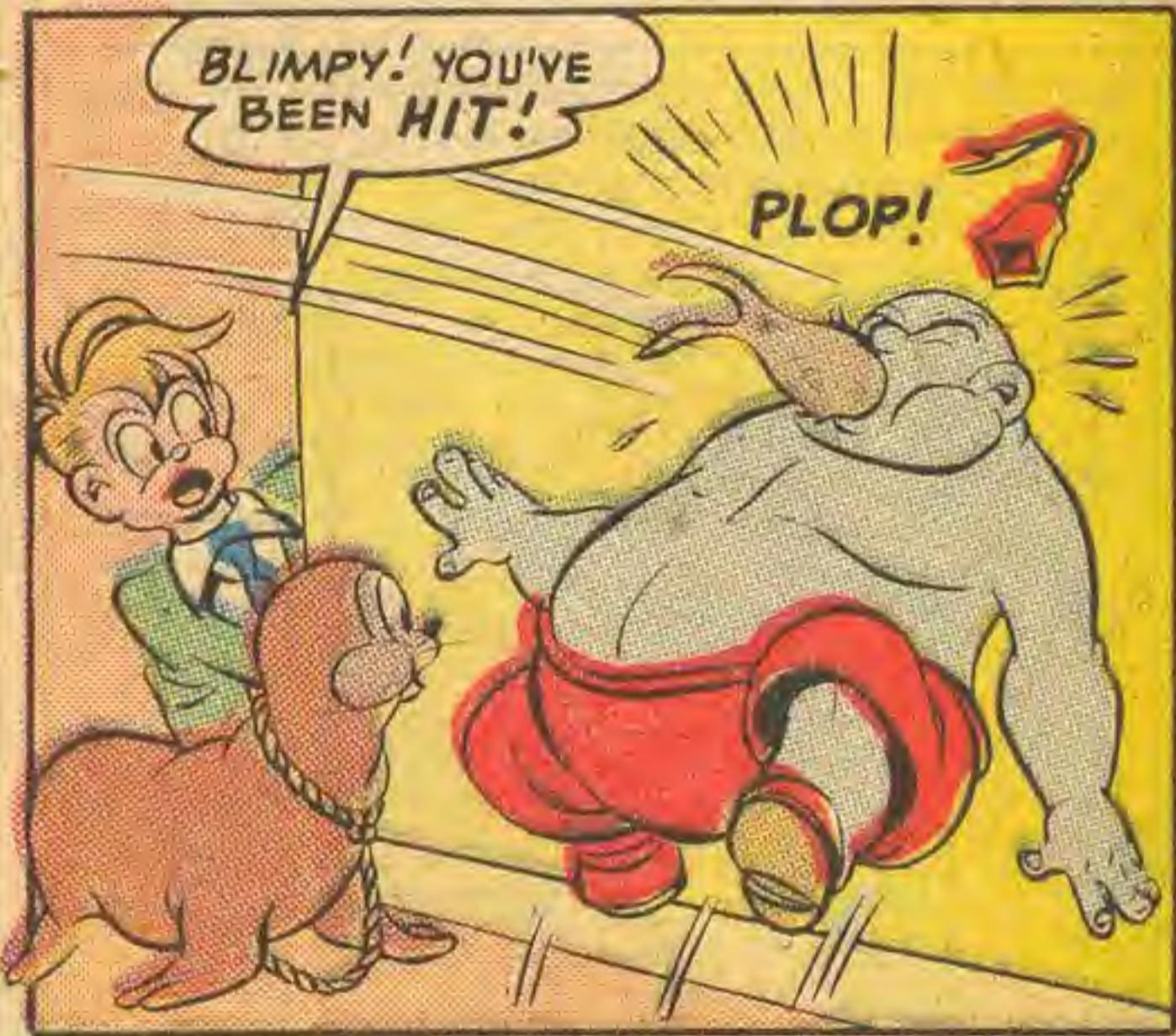
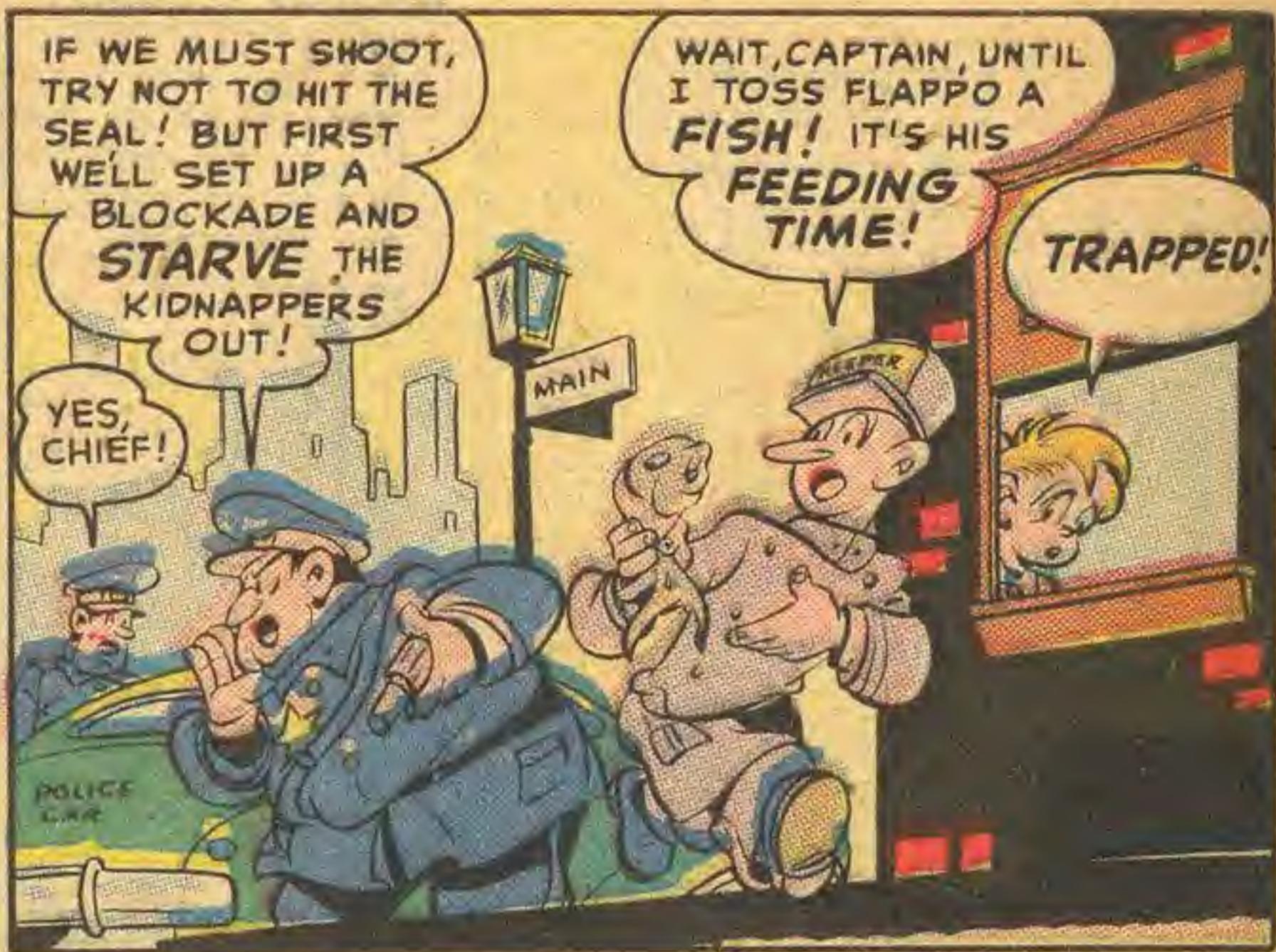
FEATURE COMICS



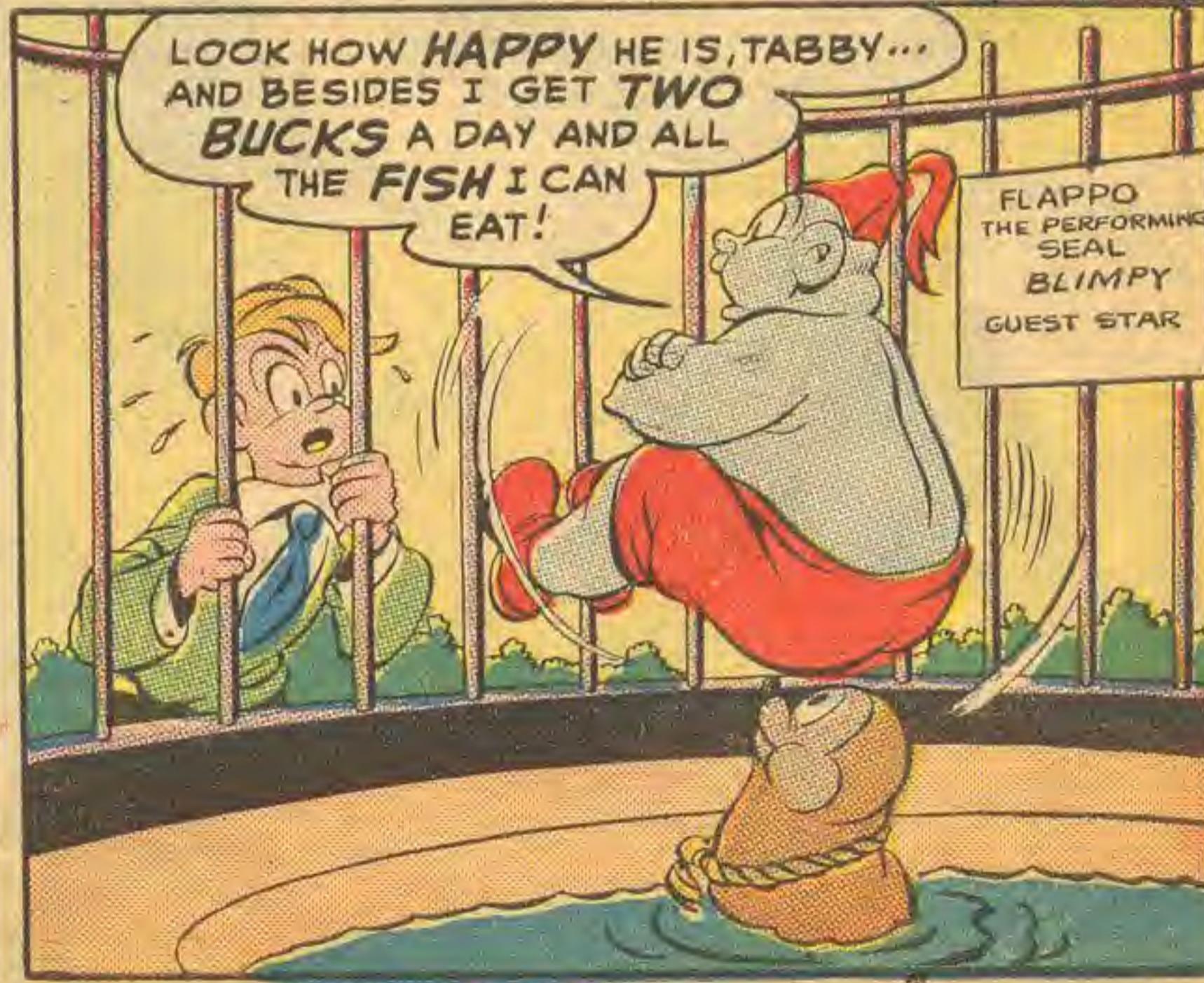
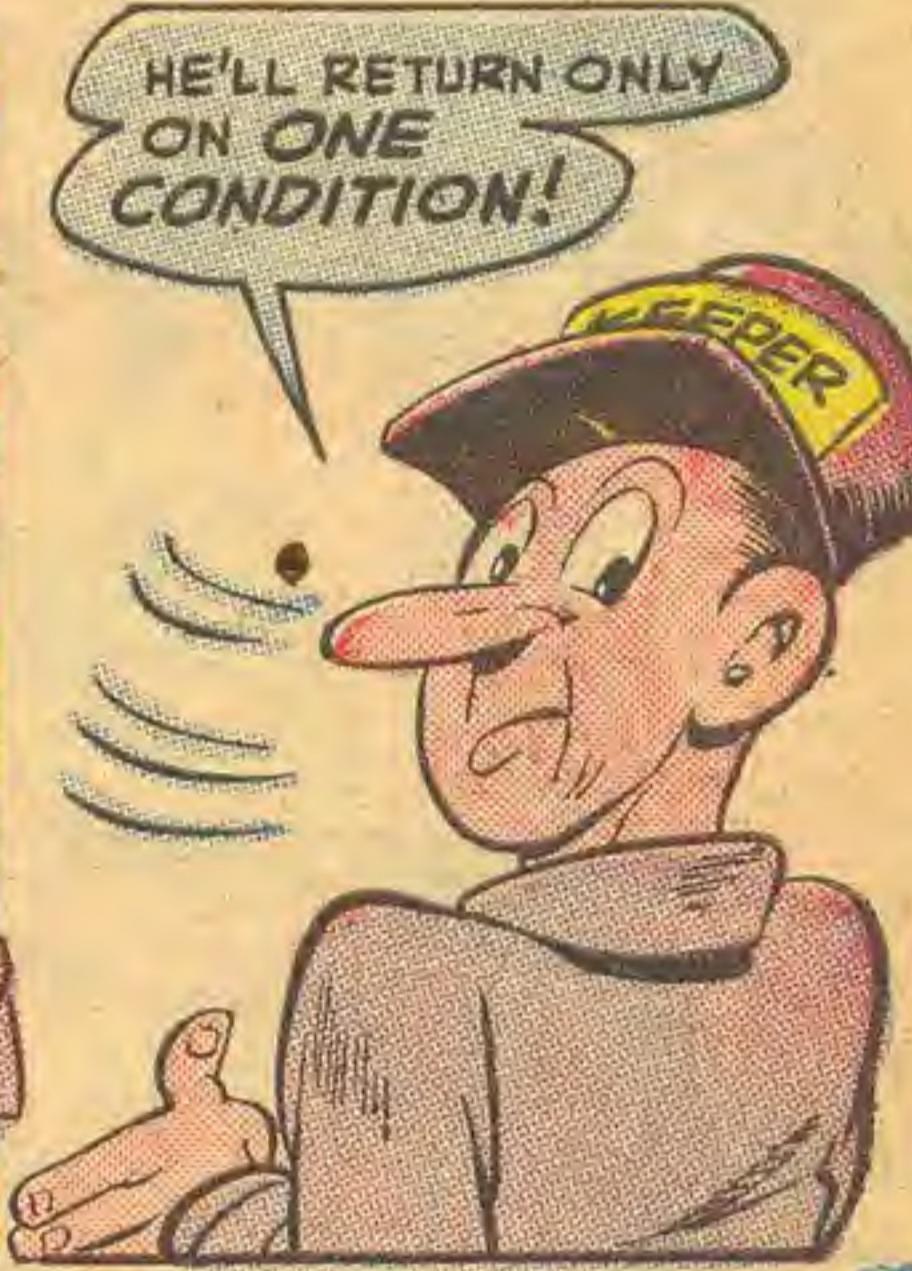
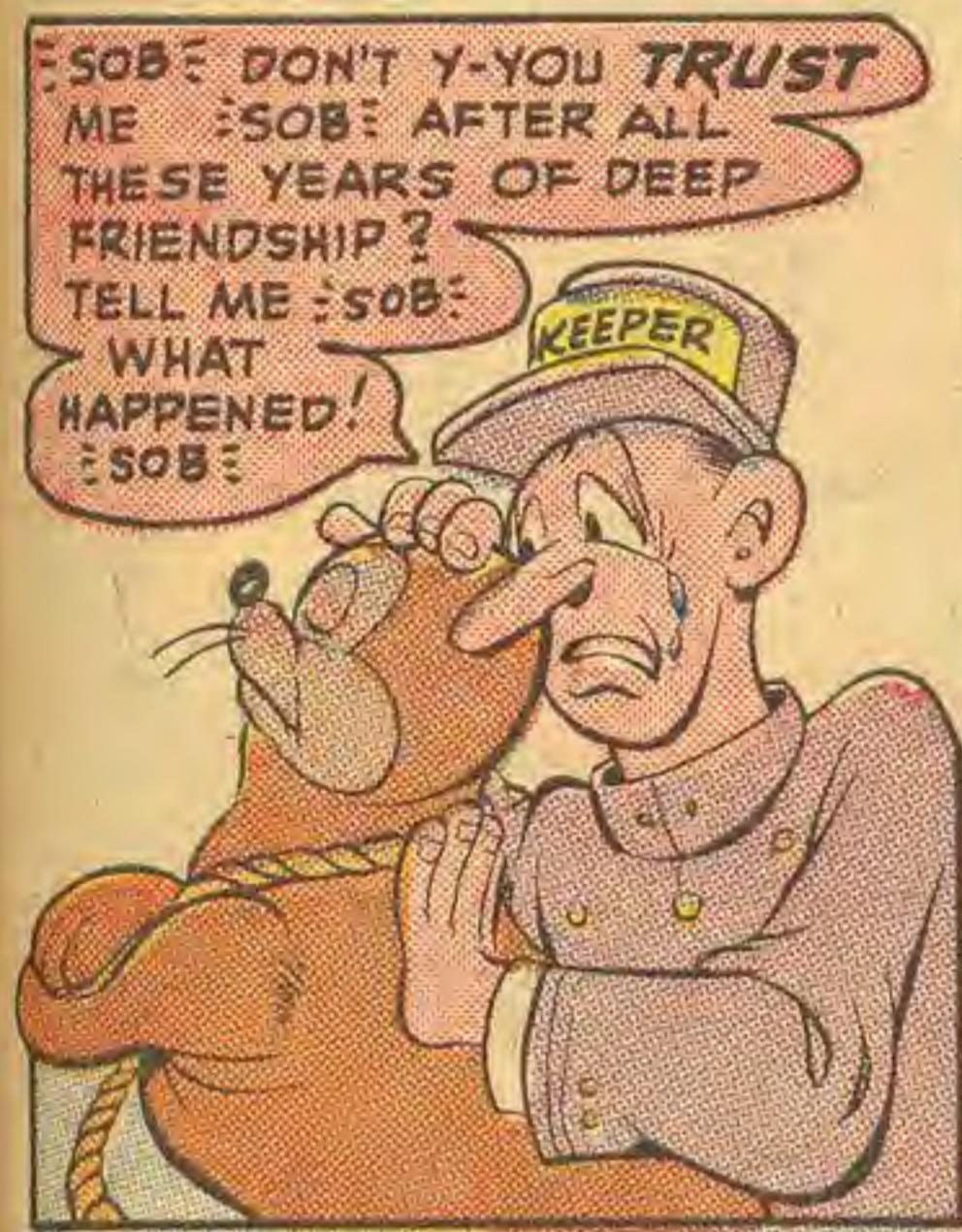
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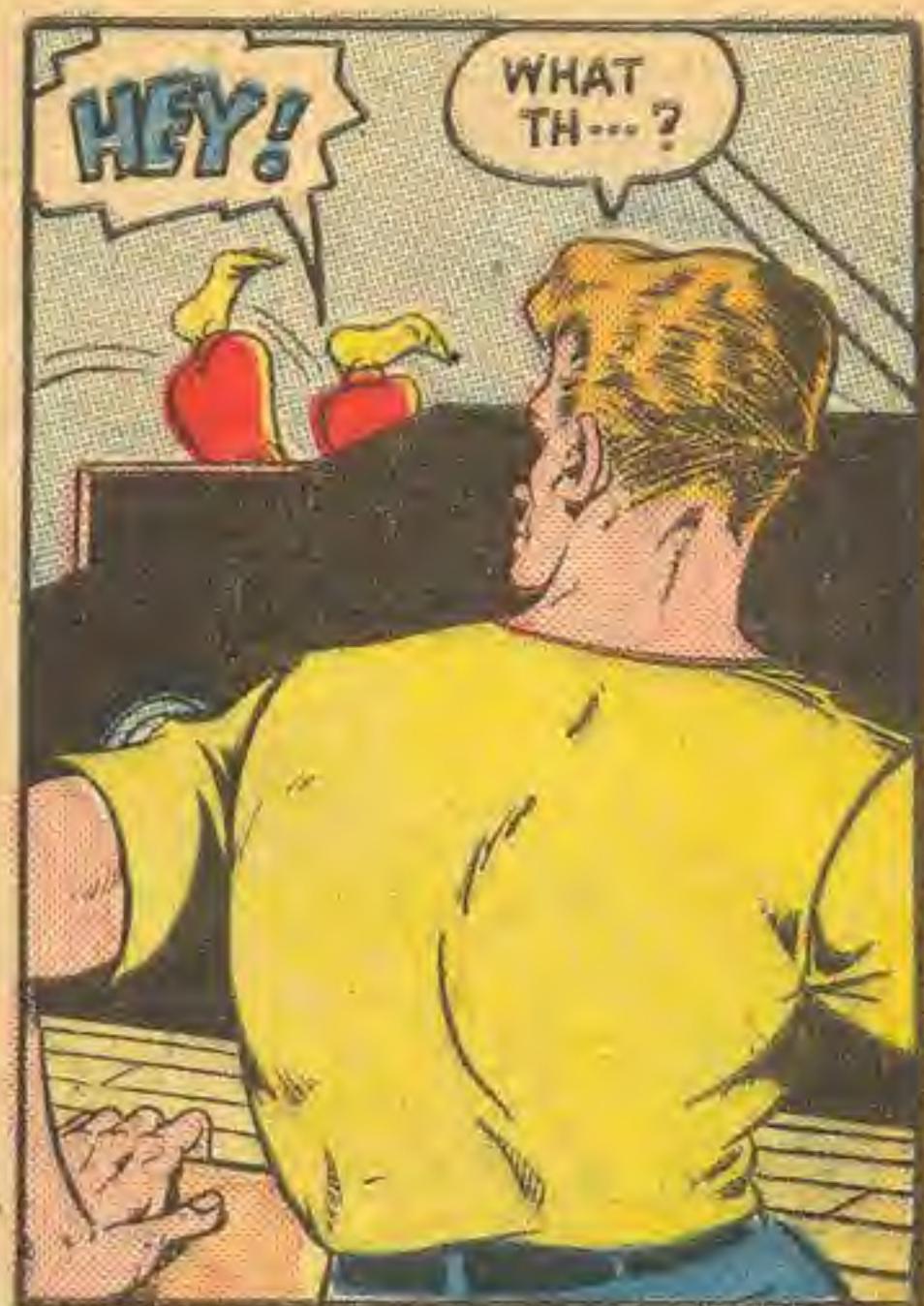
RUSTY RYAN



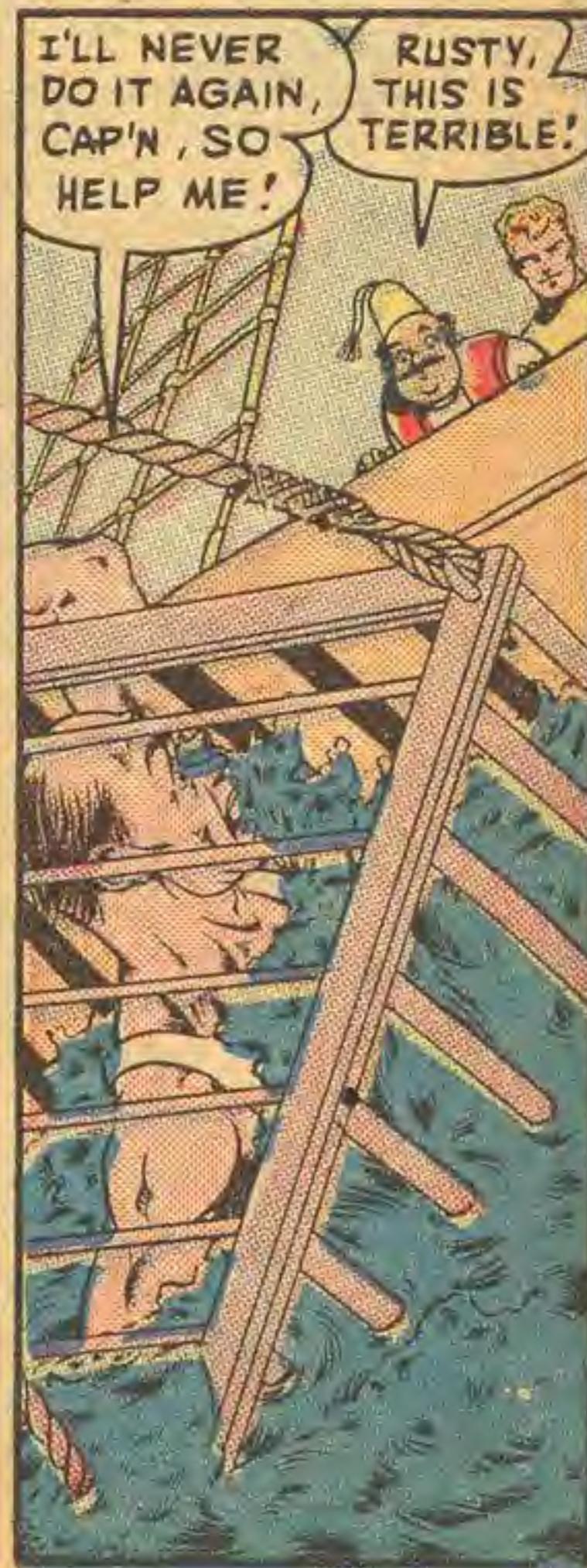
Our three friends, Rusty Ryan, Alabama and Pierpont Lee have decided to ship out as merchant seamen! They don't know it yet, but the trip they're going on is no joy-ride!



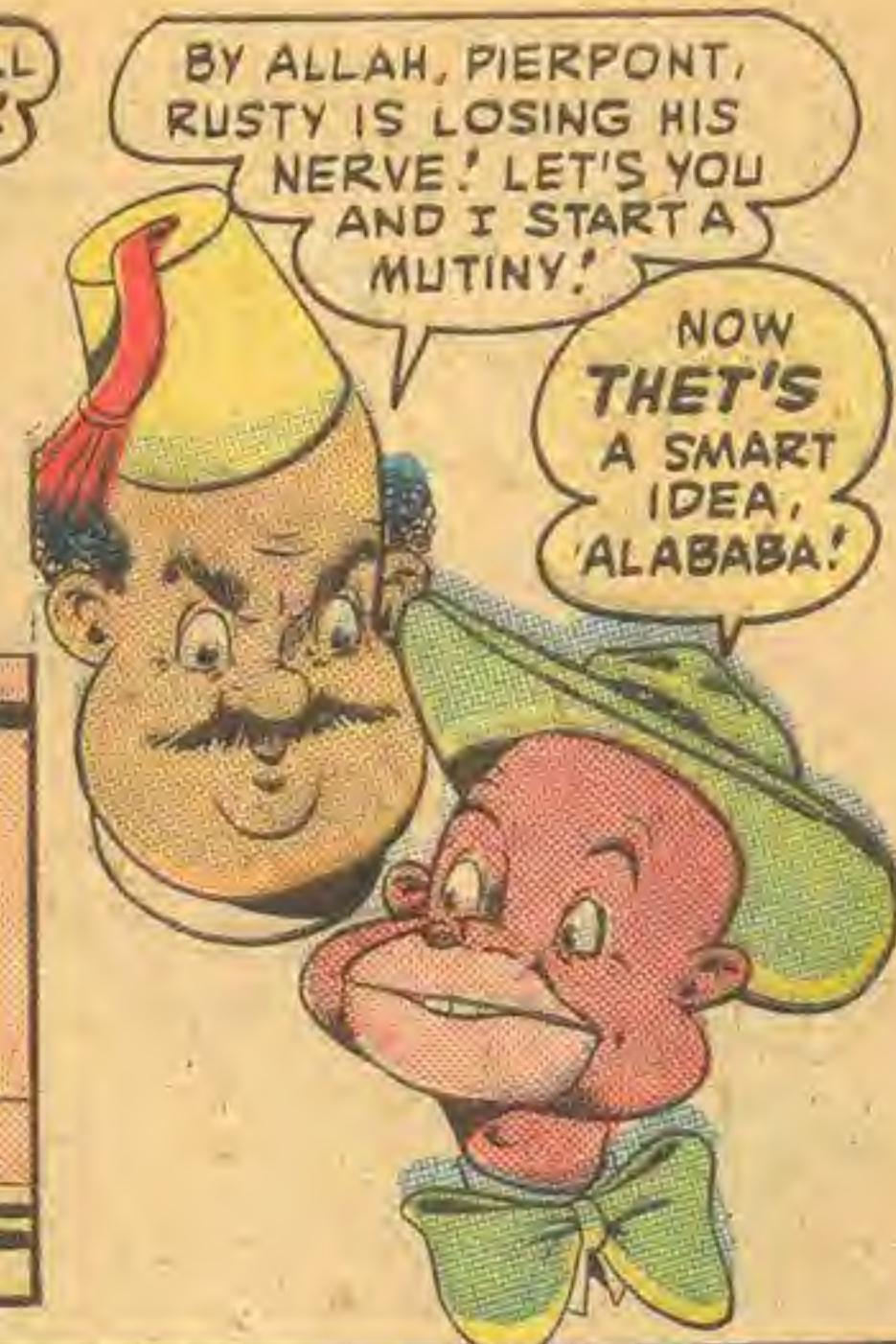
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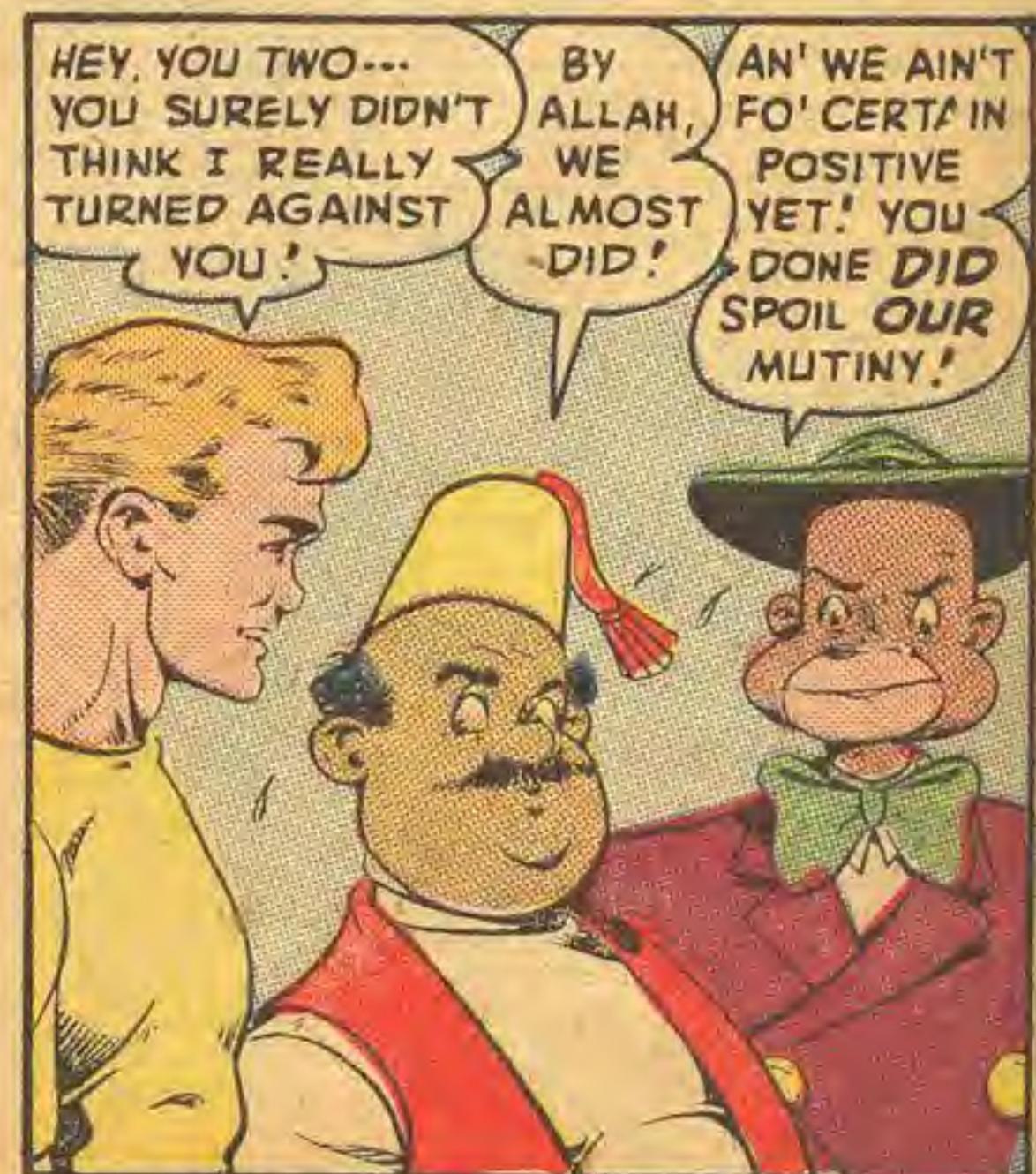
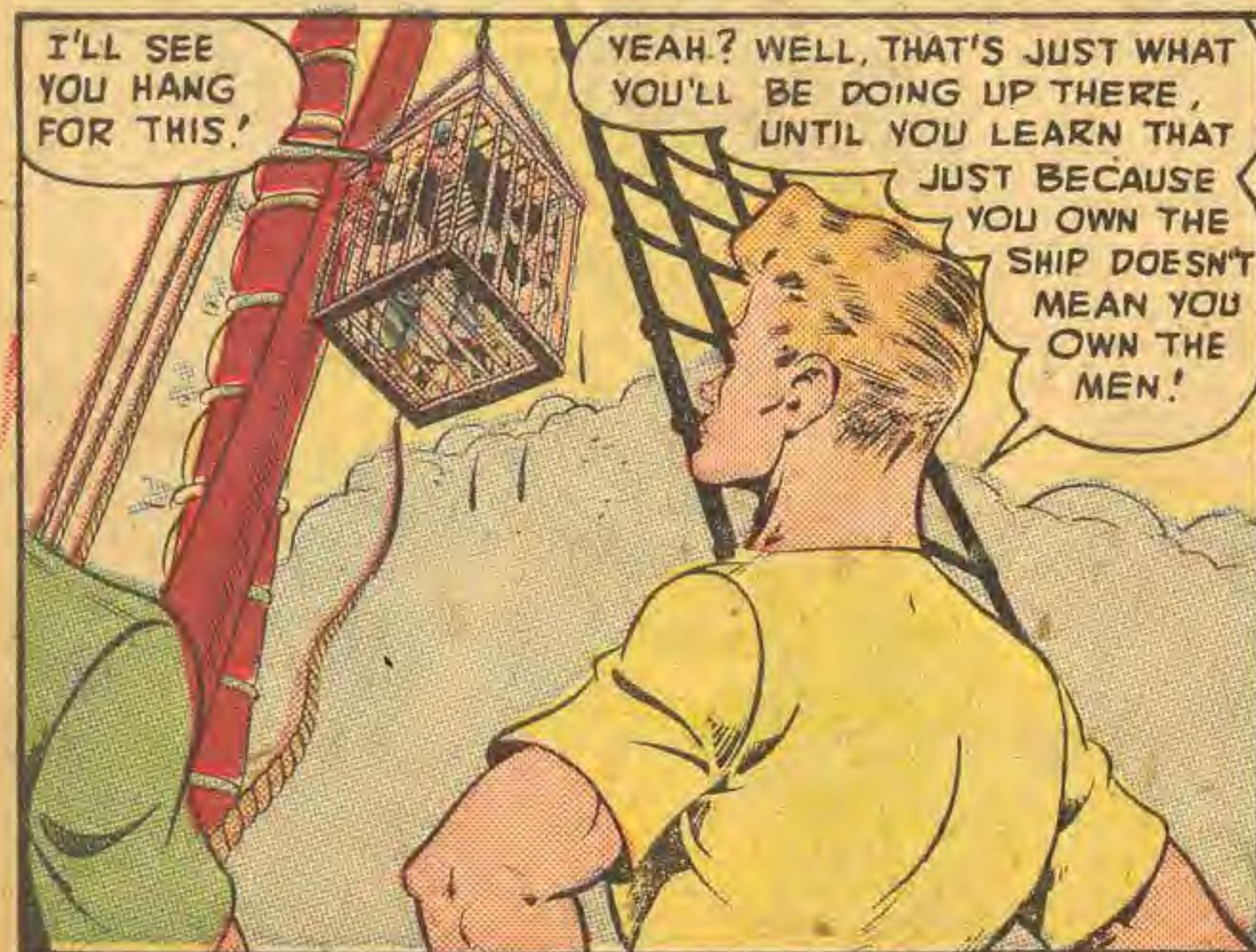
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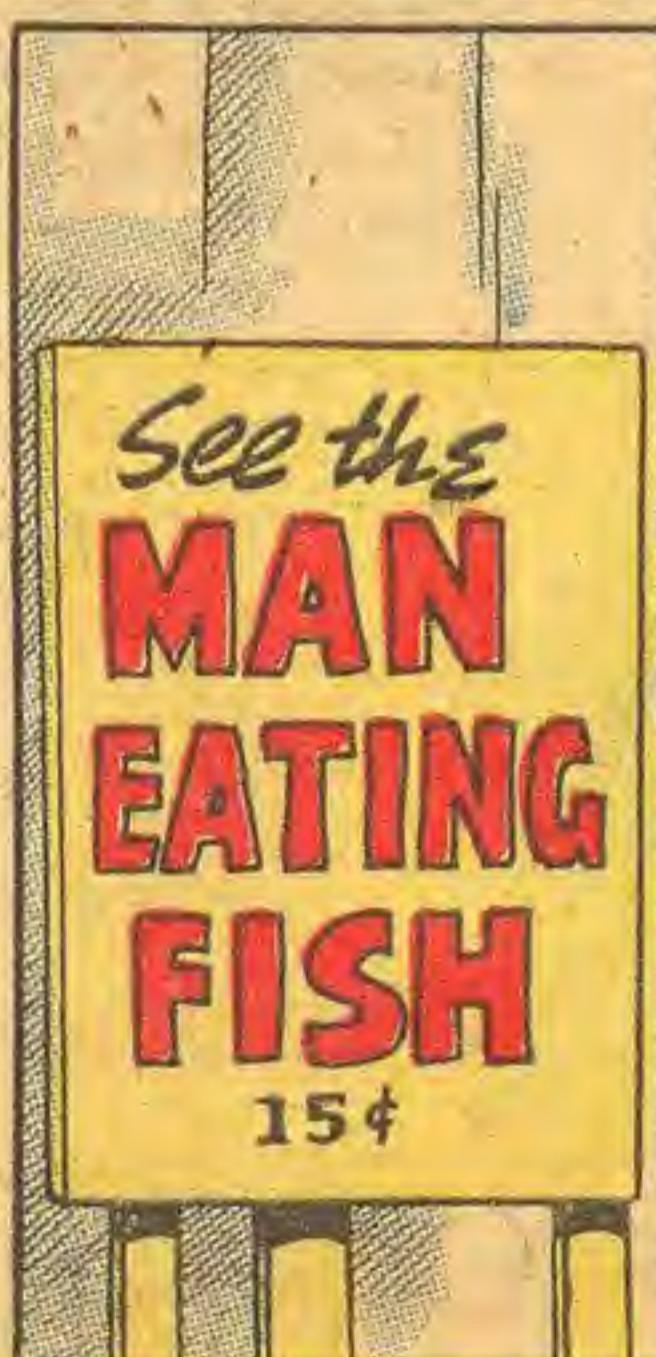
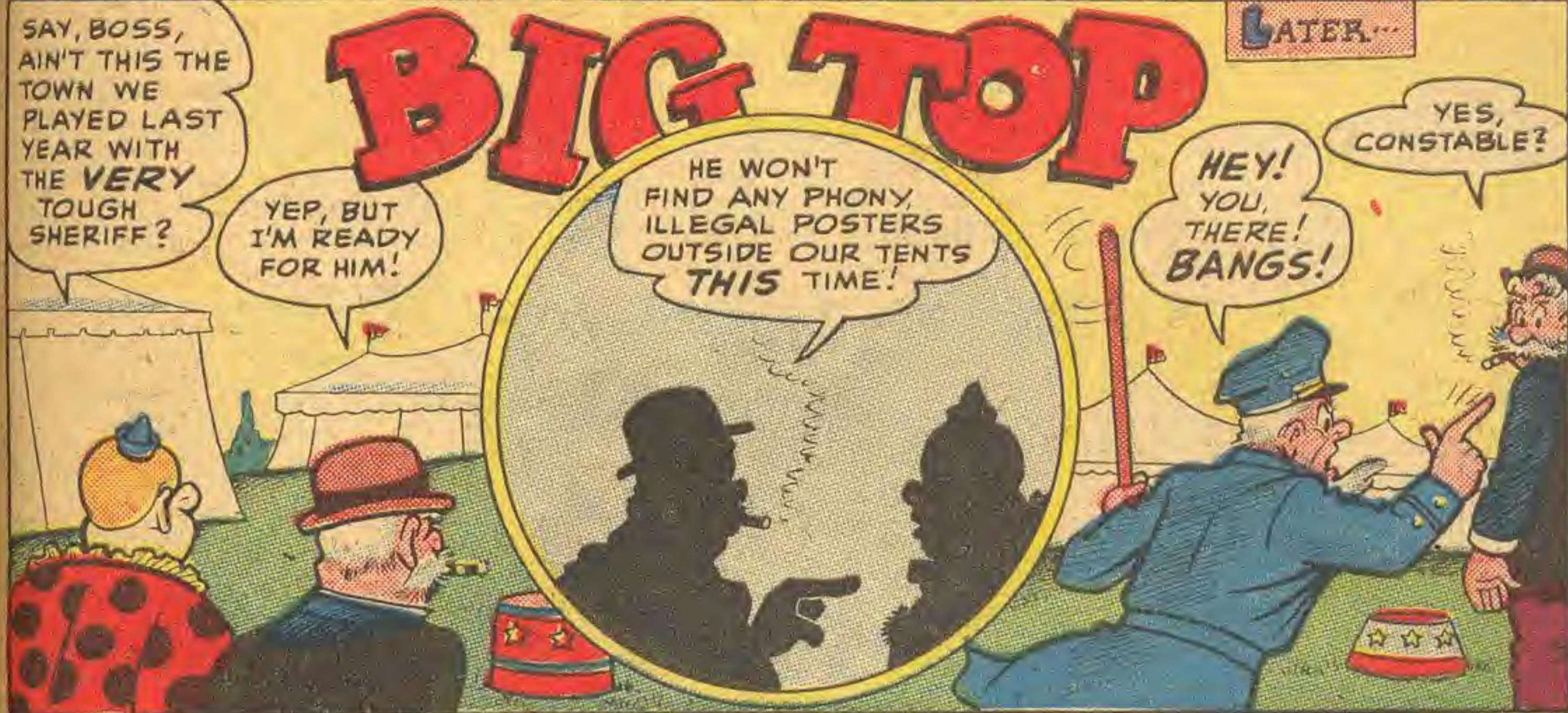
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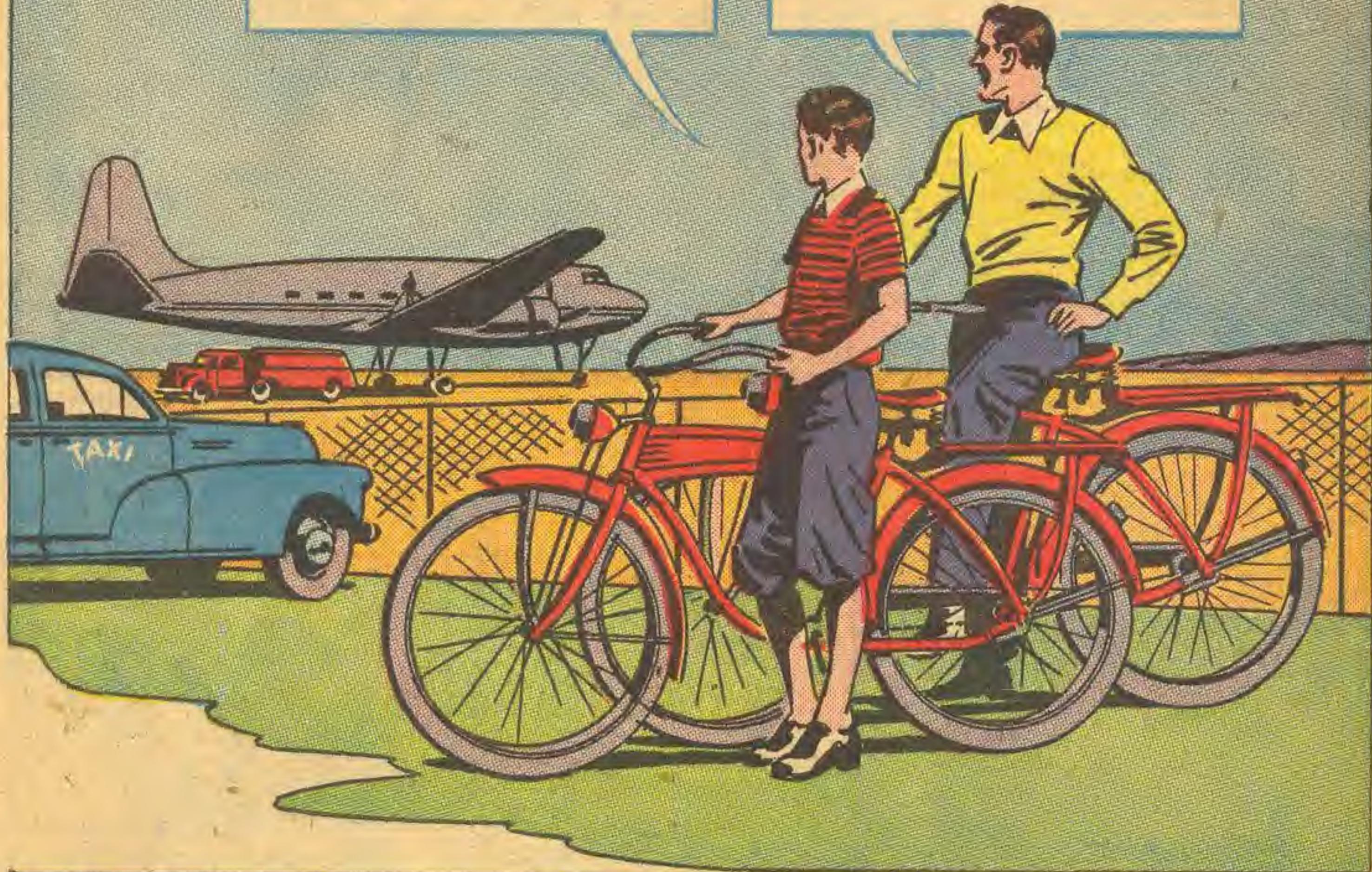


BIG TOP

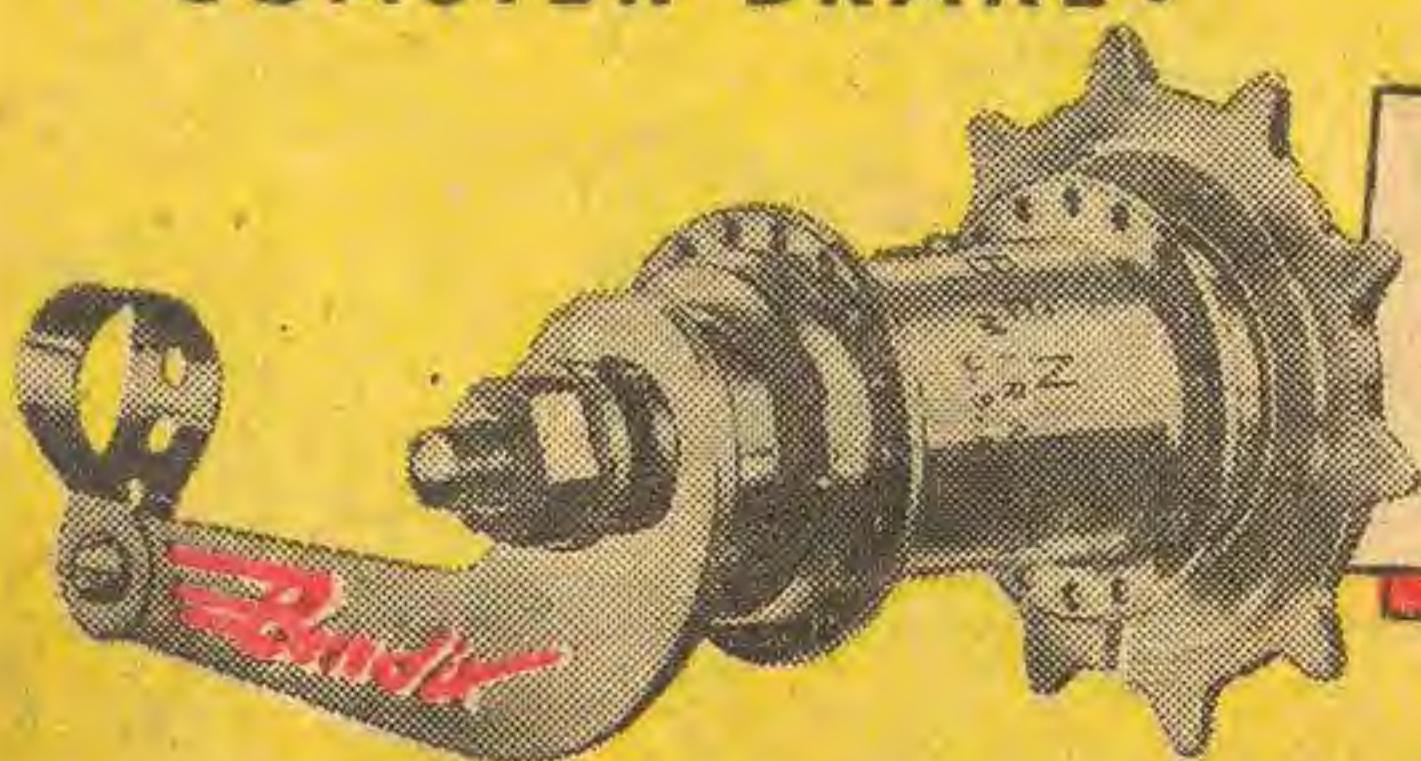


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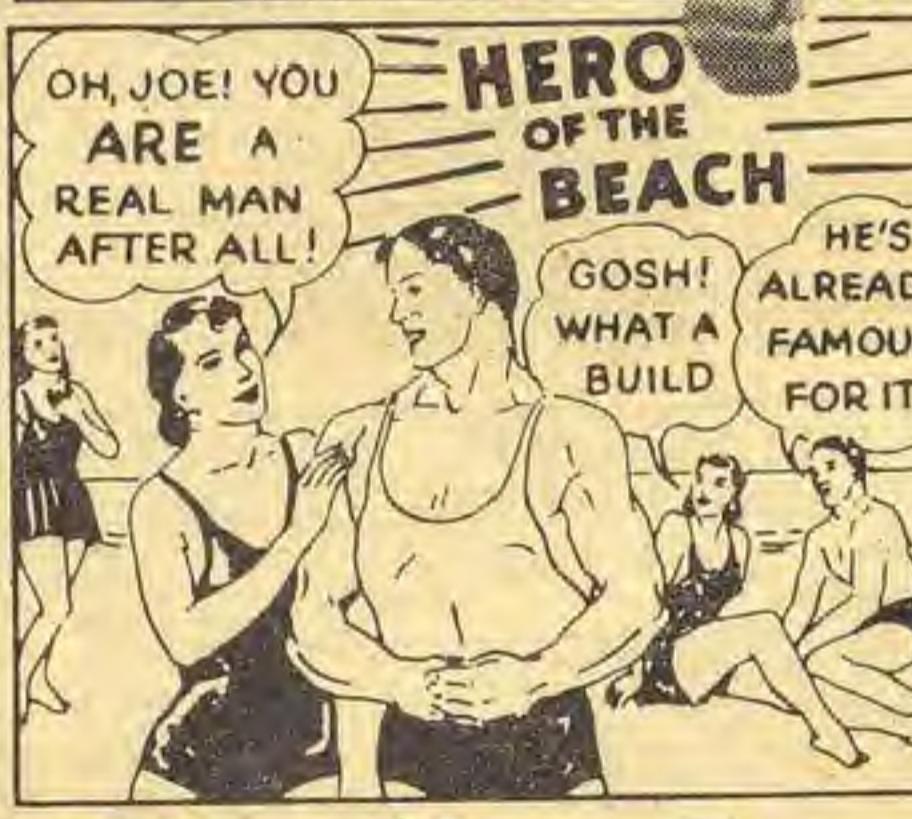
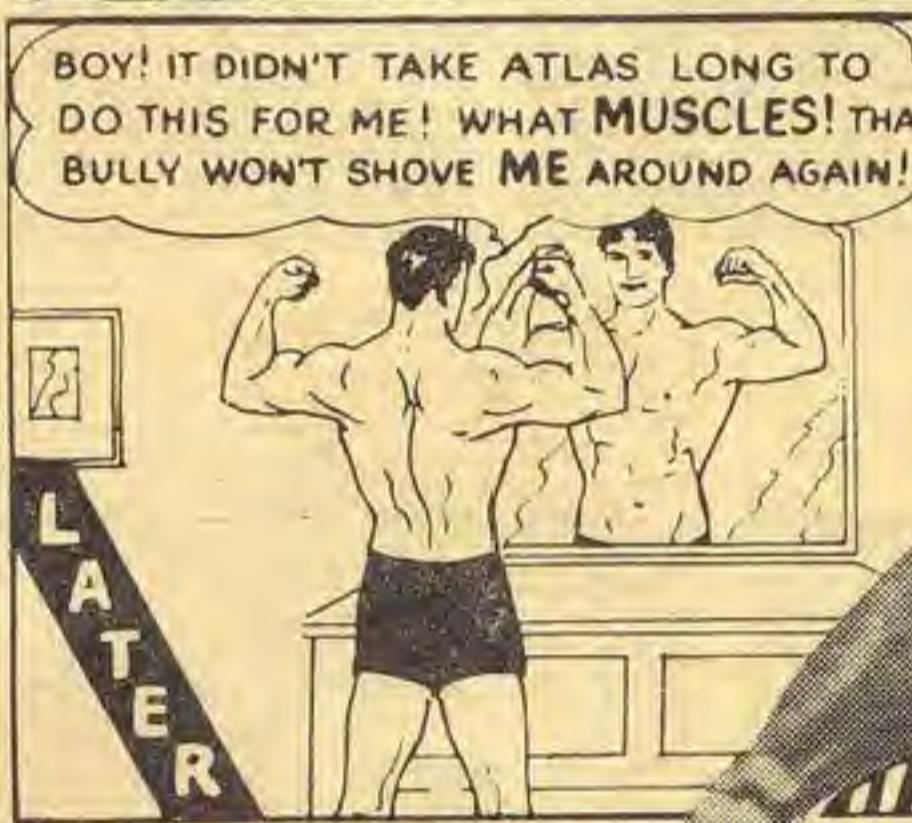
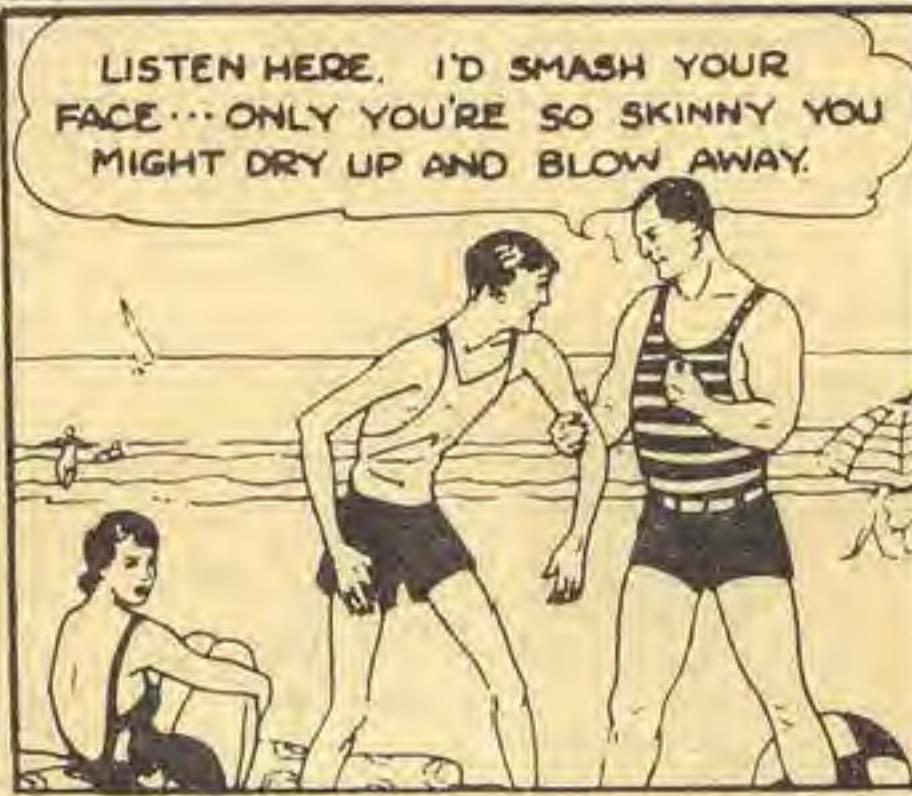
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"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
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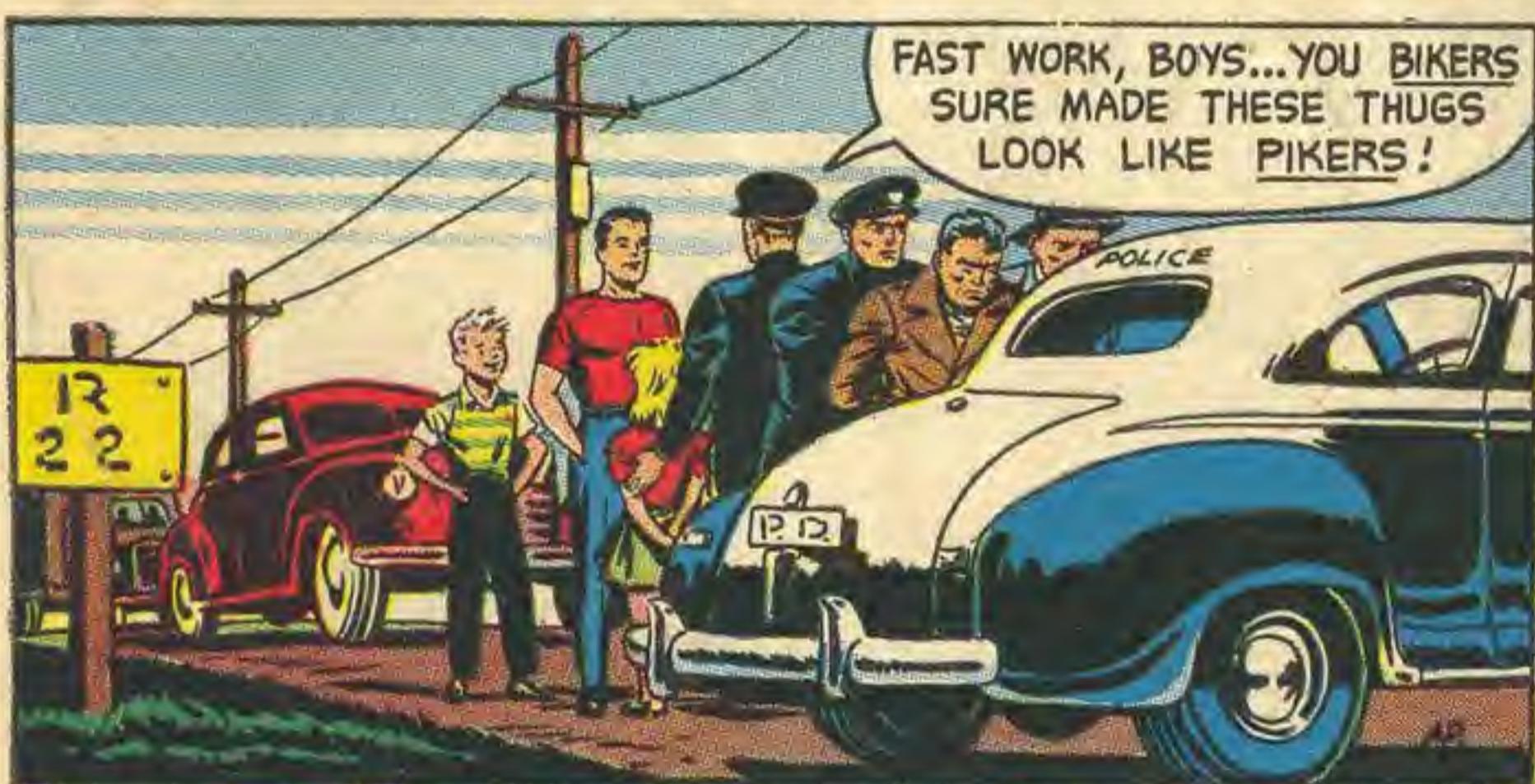
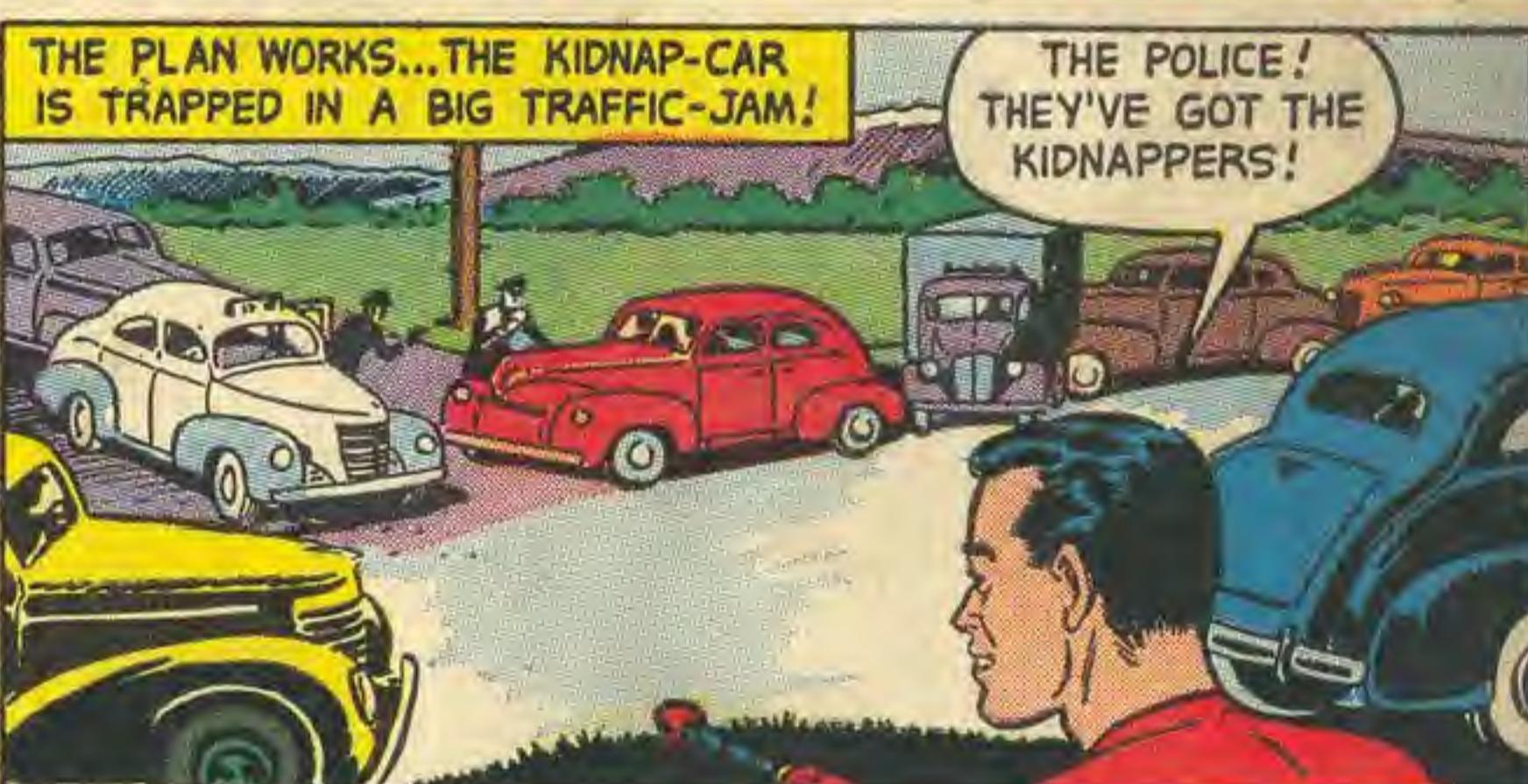


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TRAPPING A
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